WHY WE DIDN'T DARE DIVORCE – THE STRANGE STORY OF A FAMOUS RADIO COUPLE

NUARY

Radio MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

LISTENING TO DADDY! LINDSAY HARRY CROSBY

dio's Greatest Christmas Story **CANDLE IN THE FOREST** By TEMPLE BAILEY

ction Scoop! Read Radio's **Big Sister**– A Thrilling Novel of Modern Love

Even your *best friend won't* tell you

EDNA was simply crushed by Charlie's curt note barren of explanation. True, she and Charlie frequently had "lovers' spats" but these were not enough to warrant breaking their engagement. Disheartened and puzzled, she sought Louise, her best friend. Perhaps she'd offer some explanation. Louise could, too; could have related in a flash what the trouble was . . . but she *didn't;* the subject is so delicate that even your best friend won't tell you.

HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?

You may be guilty of halitosis (bad breath) this very moment and yet be unaware of it. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition; you yourself never know when you have it, but others do and snub you unmercifully.

Don't run the risk of offending others needlessly. You can sweeten your breath by merely using Listerine Antiseptic, the remarkable deodorant with the delightful taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

As it cleanses the entire oral cavity, Listerine Antiseptic kills outright millions of odor-producing bacteria. At the same time it halts the fermentation of tiny food particles skipped by the tooth brush (a major cause of odors) then overcomes the odors themselves. Remember, when treating breath conditions you need a real deodorant that is also safe; ask for Listerine—*and see that you get it.*

If all men and women would take the delightful precaution of using Listerine, there would be fewer broken "dates" and waning friendships in the social world—fewer curt rebuffs in this world of business.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE

Checks Halitosis
(Bad Breath)

ROUGH COPY

He loves me—he loves me not! Poor, unhappy Helen—so alone! (*Yet how can she look for romance when she lets a dull, dingy, unattractive smile frighten it away?*)

Tommy has a tip for Helen. His teacher taught him that gums as well as teeth need special care. (*He knows the importance of Ipana and massage to attractive smiles.*)

Life's dances and dates and fun for Helen now. And why shouldn't it be? For how can any man resist the appeal and the magic of a vivid, sparkling smile? (*Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling —to keep your smile attractive.*)

Play Safe with your Smile—

Don't let "pink tooth brush" spoil its loveliness!

HOW IMPORTANT a bright sparkling smile can be. How much it can mean to a girl's popularity or a man's success. And yet how many people seem deliberately careless about the brightness of their smiles.

Don't take chances with your smile. If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for any real trouble, but let him decide. Usually, he will tell you that yours is a case of gums grown lazy—gums deprived of vigorous chewing by our modern soft foods. He'll probably advise more work and exercise for your gums—and, like so many dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth.

Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Ipana and massage is one helpful way to healthier gums —brighter teeth—a brilliant smile.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush with the twisted handle.

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20% EXTRA LOTION

IN HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN

MONEY BACK! Try Hinds—at our risk! Extra Good-Will Bottle *a gift*—when you buy the medium size Hinds. If this Hinds gift bottle doesn't make your chapped hands feel softer—take back the medium size, where you bought it, and get your MONEY BACK!

EXTRA LOTION! Regular Hinds users say this gift bottle is an unexpected bonus. Nearly 20% extra lotion! More Hinds lotion for your money than ever before. Extra-creamy—extra-softening—Hinds tones down redness . . . smooths away chapping. Also 10c, 25c, $1 sizes.

LOOK FOR THIS
HINDS GOOD-WILL BARGAIN
AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

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Lehn & Fink
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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
FOR HONEYMOON HANDS

MERRY XMAS! Say it with Hinds! The dollar size is a big-looking gift, welcome to wife, mother—any woman who likes to be dainty and feminine. The 10c size makes a grand "stocking tuck-in." Both sizes come wrapped-for-Christmas in new holiday-green packages, decorated with bright red bells.

JANUARY, 1939 VOL. 11 NO. 3

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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What do you want to say?

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00

Second Prize $5.00

Five Prizes of $1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than December 26th, 1938.

FIRST PRIZE

WANT TO JOIN?

WE women listen to the radio as we go about our daily housework and I've come to the conclusion that women listeners are a hardy lot.

Poor Ma Perkins has been tried and tortured through all these years. Myrt and Marge have gone into one tailspin after another. Betty and Bob have persevered through every calamity an author could invent.

John's Other Wife, The O'Neills, Grimm's Daughter, Pretty Kitty Kelly, The Mad Hatterfields—ah! the pathos of it all.

Stretched out over a period of a month there would be enough agony and heartache, but no, it is dished out inside of three or four hours; and every day.

It only remains for some smart hair dye firm to put on a program about one o'clock to take care of the gray hair such sorrow must cause.

For years we've suffered and sympathized with these radio personalities; we've borne up under the strain and met our husbands in the evening with a smile.

But some day, some sweet day, we're going to do something desperate, we're going to form a morning listener union and I palpitate with breathless happiness and anticipation when I think what we're going to do.

ARDIE WHEELER,
Aberdeen, Washington

SECOND PRIZE

DISTURBING THE PEACE

To the readers, who like myself, care to listen to certain programs late in the evening without disturbing anyone, I offer the solution I've found to be best, and incidentally, quite economical.

I bought a crystal set at the terrific price of 69¢, plus a set of earphones priced at 70¢. With this equipment and two short pieces of wire, this set can be rigged up in anyone's bedroom in a few moments.

Think of it! For the small sum of $1.39, one can listen when they want, and as long as they want. (Providing of course, that the station is within a reasonable distance.)

I know now why they say that the little things in life are best!

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN,
Lewiston, Maine

THIRD PRIZE

"WHAT'S MY NAME?"

In the forest of quiz programs growing up in radio today, there is one show that stands out like a stately oak. That is the Philip Morris "What's My Name?" program with Arlene Francis and Bud Hulick. The ques-

(*Continued on page* 51)

"For Lovely Skin – Camay is the Beauty Soap for me!"

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND

If it's romance you're after, begin with a Camay complexion! So many complexions have hidden beauty that can be brought to light by gentle Camay cleansing.

(*Signed*) AMY CAVANAGH
(*Mrs. John B. Cavanagh*)

November 3, 1938

NO OTHER charm a girl can have counts more than soft, smooth skin! So many brides—so many girls everywhere who win romance—tell you, "Camay is the soap we use to help us keep skin lovely!"

They've *tried* other beauty cares, of course. But they've found no other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather as Camay. They like Camay's thorough, gentle cleansing, too!

And because Camay's thorough cleansing leaves skin feeling so *refreshed*, smart girls use it daily—for their complexions, *and* for a luxurious bath of beauty. It's a wonderful help to all-over loveliness and the exquisite daintiness every girl *must* have! Get three cakes today. Camay costs so little—Camay helps so much toward fresher, more appealing skin!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The CANDLE In the Forest

By TEMPLE BAILEY

Illustration by Ray Sisley

As tender a blend of gaiety and pathos as Christmas itself is this modern legend of a family whose riches outshone the Gifts of the Magi

One of NBC's most memorable Christmas programs last year was its broadcast of this touching story by a famous writer, which was first published in a national magazine, and which may be heard again this holiday season. RADIO MIRROR *is happy to reprint it, in the hope that it will bring the true spirit of Christmas into the heart of every reader.*

THE Small Girl's mother was saying, "The onions will be silver, and the carrots will be gold—"

"And the potatoes will be ivory," said the Small Girl, and they laughed together.

The Small Girl's mother had a big white bowl in her lap and she was cutting up vegetables. The onions were the hardest, because one cried a little over them.

"But our tears will be pearls," said the Small Girl's mother, and they laughed at that and dried their eyes, and found the carrots much easier, and the potatoes the easiest of all.

Then the Next-Door-Neighbor came in and said, "What are you doing?"

"We are making a beefsteak pie for our Christmas dinner," said the Small Girl's mother.

"And the onions are silver, and the carrots gold, and

"It's our tree, my darling," he heard the mother saying.

the potatoes ivory," said the Small Girl.

"I am sure I don't know what you are talking about," said the Next-Door-Neighbor. "We are going to have turkey for Christmas, and oysters and cranberries and celery."

The Small Girl laughed and clapped her hands. "But we are going to have a Christmas pie—and the onions are silver and the carrots gold—"

"You said that once," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I should think you'd know they weren't anything of the kind."

"But they *are*," said the Small Girl, all shining eyes and rosy cheeks, clapping her hands again.

"Run along, darling," said the Small Girl's mother, "and find poor Pussy Purr-up. He's out in the cold. And you can put on your red sweater and red cap."

So the Small Girl hopped away like a happy robin, and the Next-Door-Neighbor said, "She is old enough to know that onions aren't silver."

"But they are," said the Small Girl's mother, "and the carrots are gold, and the potatoes are—"

The Next-Door-Neighbor's face was flaming. "If you say that again, I'll scream. It sounds silly to me."

"But it isn't in the least silly," said the Small Girl's mother, and her eyes were as blue as sapphires and as clear as the sea; "it is sensible. When people are poor, they have to make the most of little things. And we'll have only a pound of steak in our pie, but the onions will be silver—"

The lips of the Next-Door-Neighbor were folded in a thin line. "If you had acted like a sensible creature, I shouldn't have asked you for the rent."

The Small Girl's mother was silent for a moment, then she said, "I am sorry—it ought to be sensible to make the best of things."

"Well," said the Next-Door-Neighbor, sitting down in a chair with a very stiff back, "a beefsteak pie is a beefsteak pie. And I wouldn't teach a child to call it anything else."

"I haven't taught her to call it anything else. I was only trying to make her feel that it was something fine and splendid for Christmas day, so I said that the onions were silver—"

"Don't say that again," snapped the Next-Door-Neighbor, "and I want the rent as soon as possible."

With that, she flung up her head and marched out of the front door, and it slammed behind her and made wild echoes in the little house.

And the small Girl's mother stood there alone in the middle of the floor, and her eyes were like the sea in a storm.

But presently the door opened, and the Small Girl, looking like a red-breast robin, hopped in, and after her came a great black cat with his tail in the air, and he said, "Purr-up," which gave him his name. And the Small Girl said out of the things she had been thinking, "Mother, why don't we have turkey?"

Decoration by Norman Levine

The clear look came back into the eyes of the Small Girl's mother, and she said, "Because we are content."

And the Small Girl said, "What is 'content'?"

And her mother said: "It is making the best of what God gives us. And our best for Christmas day, my darling, is a beefsteak pie."

So she kissed the Small Girl, and they finished peeling the vegetables, and then they put them with the pound of steak to simmer on the back of the stove.

After that, the Small Girl had her supper of bread and milk, and Pussy Purr-up had milk in a saucer on the hearth, and the Small Girl climbed up in her mother's lap and said: "Tell me a story."

But the Small Girl's mother said, "Won't it be nicer to talk about Christmas presents?"

And the Small Girl sat up and said, "Let's."

And the mother said, "Let's tell each other what we'd rather have in the whole wide world—"

"Oh, let's," said the Small Girl. "And I'll tell you first that I want a doll—and I want it to have a pink dress—and I want it to have eyes that open and shut—and I want it to have shoes and stockings—and I want it to have curly hair—"

She had to stop, because she didn't have any breath left in her body, and when she got her breath back, she said, "Now, what do you want, Mother—more than anything else in the whole wide world?"

"Well," said her mother, "I want a chocolate mouse."

"Oh," said the Small Girl scornfully, "I shouldn't think you'd want that."

"Why not?"

"Because a chocolate mouse—why, a chocolate mouse isn't anything."

"Oh, yes, it is," said the Small Girl's mother. "A chocolate mouse is Dickory-Dock, and Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat-Where-Have-You-Been—and it's Three-Blind-Mice—and it's A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-Go—and it's—"

The Small Girl's eyes were dancing. Oh, tell me about it—"

And her mother said: "Well, the mouse in Dickory-Dock ran *up* the clock, and the mouse in Pussy-Cat-Pussy-Cat was frightened *under* a chair, and the mice in Three-Blind-Mice ran *after* the farmer's wife, and the mouse in A-Frog-He-Would-a-Wooing-Go went *down* the throat of the crow—"

And the Small Girl said, "Could a chocolate mouse do all that?"

"Well," said the Small Girl's mother, "we could put him *on* the clock, and *under* a chair, and cut his tail *off* with a carving knife, and at the very last we could eat him *up* like a crow."

The Small Girl shivered deliciously. "And he wouldn't be a real mouse?"

"No, just a chocolate one, with cream inside."

"Do you think I'll get one for Christmas?"

"I'm not sure."

"Would he be nicer than a doll?"

The Small Girl's mother hesitated, then told the truth. "My darling—Mother saved up the money for a doll, but the Next-Door-Neighbor wants the rent."

"Hasn't Daddy any more money?"

"Poor Daddy has been sick so long."

"But he's well now."

"I know. But he has to pay money for doctors, and money for medicine, and money for milk for Pussy Purr-up, and money for our beefsteak pie."

"The Boy-Next-Door says we're poor, Mother."

"We are rich, my darling. We have love, and each other, and Pussy Purr-up."

"His mother won't let him have a cat," said the Small Girl, with her mind still on the Boy-Next-Door, "but he's going to have a radio."

"Would you rather have a radio than Pussy-Purr-up?"

The Small Girl gave a crow of derision. "I'd rather have Pussy-Purr-up than anything else in the whole wide world."

At that, the great cat, who had been sitting on the hearth with his paws tucked under him and his eyes like moons, stretched out his satin-shining length, and jumped up on the arm of the chair beside the Small Girl and her mother, and began to sing a song that was like a mill-wheel away off. (*Continued on page* 72)

AVOIDING WINTER *Colds*

The sniffle-season will hold no terrors for those who follow these simple rules

H. Armstrong Roberts

For nine years the New York Academy of Medicine has been presenting on CBS the valuable program Highways to Health, on which eminent physicians, as guest speakers, tell you in simple language how to care for your health and avoid sickness. The following article has been compiled from several of these radio talks. Highways to Health is now heard on CBS every Tuesday afternoon at 4:30, E.S.T.

YOU probably think of a cold as a discomfort, and nothing more—as one of life's small irritations. As far as the cold itself is concerned, perhaps you're justified. But an ordinary cold can, and all too often does, lead to so many more serious illnesses that the wise man avoids the risk of catching cold as carefully as he avoids the risk of catching one of the serious contagious diseases.

The winter winds are already blowing, and the holiday season is on the way. It's a season that offers so much fun to the healthy person that it's a shame not to observe these few simple preventive measures, and thus at least go a long way toward insuring your ability to enjoy winter's pleasures to the full.

Did you know that there are two kinds of cold, the non-contagious and the contagious? Non-contagious colds are the ones you develop when some of the numerous bacteria which are always present in the healthy mouth and throat are enabled, under certain conditions, to break beyond bounds and to attack the mucous membrane. A contagious cold is contracted when a virus or germ, or, most likely, both, enters the system from an outside source. But the cold which you have contracted in a non-contagious way can prove contagious to another person.

The way to avoid the contagious type of cold is to avoid contact, as far as possible, with people who already have colds. Some people are more susceptible than others to contagious colds, but everyone should avoid putting his fingers into his mouth or nose, and should observe strictly one of the most elemental rules of hygiene, which is often disregarded—simply to wash the hands thoroughly before eating.

The non-contagious cold is another matter. It can be contracted in a great many ways. Remember, in the case of a non-contagious cold, that the germs are already present in your body, ready to attack as soon as the conditions are favorable for them. And the conditions can be made favorable in a number of ways.

Anything which irritates the mucous membranes of the nose and throat is apt to predispose the system toward the development of a cold. Excessive smoking can do it. And if you find that smoking is irritating your throat unduly, you should cut down sharply on the number of cigarettes smoked every day—although in some cases simply changing the brand relieves the irritation.

Dust in the atmosphere can irritate the membrane so much that a person is an (*Continued on page* 65)

"Linda," he exclaimed, his face white, "I've tried to understand, all these weeks. But I'm at the end of my rope."

Macfadden Studios

Why We Didn't Dare DIVORCE

Only in radio could a man and a wife be held in the unbreakable deadlock which bound Bob and Linda. Every woman will find a lesson in this strange story of a popular broadcasting couple

I SUPPOSE it was inevitable that Bark should have come into my life when he did. The minute you begin taking your marriage for granted—losing interest in it, accepting it as casually as you accept the sunlight and the fresh air—then you're suddenly apt not to have a marriage at all. That was the way it was between Bob and me for a long time before I met Bark.

He was there in the studio, one Monday afternoon when we came in for our rehearsal. A tall, dark man with glistening, carefully groomed hair, dressed in perfectly tailored tweeds. He rose from one of the folding chairs and came toward us with his hand outstretched.

He was smiling, and when he spoke his voice matched his smile. "I'm Bark Harrison," he said, "your new announcer. I can't tell you how happy I am to be working with you."

My pulse didn't accelerate a bit, as it's supposed to in cases of love at first sight, but there was a warm, tingly feeling inside me, as I stood there talking to him while Bob passed out scripts to the rest of the cast. It did very nicely instead.

The studio certainly wasn't the ideal story-book setting for meeting the perfect man, nor was I the fiction ideal of a heroine. I'd been married seven years to a man I'd adored when we became man and wife. And I still liked Bob, in the haphazard way a wife sometimes gets to liking the man she's married to. But I didn't love him.

I can see now that it was the deadly routine of our existence which was to blame for letting us drift apart. Ever since a few months before our marriage, Bob and I had been on the air, five days a week, year in, year out. As Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor, we portrayed the laughs and tears of the average American couple. It isn't bragging on my part to say that we were a national institution—the fan mail called us that often enough.

We both loved the program. We had built it up, together, from a small beginning to a big success. But our very enthusiasm for our work blinded us to its dangers. Every day was the same: Up at eight in the morning. A script conference until noon, with Bob writing and me making suggestions. Rehearsal at five. Broadcast at seven. Dinner. Rebroadcast for the western stations at ten. Home. Bed. For seven years our lives fell into that pattern, its only break coming in summer when we went to our country home, broadcasting from a special studio on the grounds.

If we'd only had the wisdom to write ourselves out of the script for a month or two every year, and go away together, so we could re-discover each other among new surroundings and new interests—then, I think, we could have fallen in love again before it was too late.

And then, suddenly, it was too late—and Bark Harrison was our new announcer.

Always, before Bark came, everybody on the Nexdoor program had been on a common footing of equality, but now Bark made it plain that he considered me just a little more important than the others. He went out of his way to place chairs for me, to listen attentively when I made a suggestion, to do so many little acts of deference. I tried not to let it flatter me—but I'd have been less than human if I'd succeeded.

You couldn't help liking Bark. Bob—serious, thoughtful Bob—liked him too. I could tell that by the way they would kid each other before broadcasts, both as solemn as owls, each trying to outdo the other in saying insulting things. Bob never jokes with people he doesn't like; instead, he is stiffly polite.

The three of us fell into the habit of having dinner together in the interval between the first and second broadcasts. Until Bark joined us, our dinners had been silent affairs, broken only by a few words about the program. I had always dreaded that between-broadcasts pause, for during it Bob had a tendency to be nervous and abstracted. But Bark changed all that. He refused to let us think about the program we'd just done, and kept us both laughing with his gossip and his stories.

Mark and I would cheerfully have stayed on at the table until ten minutes (*Continued on page* 59)

WHEN I arrived at the Good News rehearsal, Mr. Frank Morgan wasn't there. There was some speculation as to just when and if he would show up. If he's having a good time somewhere else, was the idea, he might just forget the rehearsal entirely; it's happened before. Personally, Frank doesn't take much stock in rehearsals. But he wouldn't miss a show for all the bonds in Wall Street.

The NBC rehearsal stage, minus Morgan, was quite tame. Frankly, it was even dull. A few people wandered about nosing into their scripts and whispering to each other. There was no bounce, no *umph!*

Then, out beyond the stage door, sounded a fluttery, silly sort of masculine giggle. It never stopped; it grew louder every second.

"There he is," said Hanley Stafford, 'Father Snooks.' "Morgan and his story. He has a new laugh for us every week—never fails. Wait and see."

Frank arrived, wearing white pants, yachting cap, and a blue coat, lousy with gold braid. Frank is supposed to live in Beverly Hills, but if you want to get down to cases—and Frank does occasionally—he really dwells on his yacht, *The Dolphin,* somewhere, on a rather weaving course, between the mainland and Catalina Island.

"Everyone," Frank once said, "should have a yacht. They're so much fun to get rid of!" He's sold a couple just to enjoy that pleasant sensation, but he always comes back for more. The reason is that the biggest thing in his life, next to making people laugh, is the Emerald Bay Yacht Club. Bob Benchley, Bill Gargan, Ralph Bellamy, Reggie Owen, John Ford and Frank are the mainstays of the E.B.Y.C. Like the Mexican army, it has no privates. Everyone is a top-rank officer. Frank is Judge Advocate.

The Emerald Bayers, with or without their wives, gather regularly at John Ford's house down in Emerald Bay and after appropriate flag raising ceremonies, set sail for Catalina—hoping, of course, they'll never get there. On the way, anything is likely to happen, for few of the members, including Frank, can swim. One who can't is Benchley.

Not long ago, from *The Dolphin,* anchored in Avalon Bay, Benchley wobbled toward shore in a dinghy, rose to wave happily to his shipmates and promptly tumbled into the water. Horrified, Morgan and company expected him to sink out of sight, but to their surprise Benchley simply spread out his arms and bobbed around like an overgrown cork. Morgan went to his rescue in another dinghy and pulled him up on a float. Then Frank stood up to wave triumphantly back—and he fell in too! Outside of a slight touch of drowning, however, both felt better after the experience.

To return to the rehearsal (this chronicle is as involved as one of Frank's stories). . . .

Frank, though seagoing, was definitely dry when he showed up at the studio. Still, his entrance was like a shot of adrenalin, a press radio bulletin, a kick in the pants. Things were different around that rehearsal stage from then on.

"Have you heard this one?" he chortled, taking in the whole stage, with his bobbing eyebrows and his moustache-crowned grin. "Two old dodderers sitting in a London Club . . . one taps the other . . . 'Terribly sorry, old thing, to hear about your wife' . . . 'What's that?' says the other . . . 'Your *wife* —sorry to hear about your burying your wife' . . . 'Oh, yes,' says the other, 'yes, yes. I *had* to bury her, she *died,* you know!' " And he went into the famous Morgan chortle.

Yes, Frank had a new one. Everybody laughed and he laughed louder than everybody. He loves a story, and has Hollywood's finest collection of them—learned around the old Friars and Lambs Clubs during the days and the nights, mostly nights, when he was a Broadway actor and seldom went to bed until morning. He still never does, when he can help it—which has made him the best daytime sleeper in Hollywood.

Frank can, and has, ducked right out of an emotional scene on the set, plopped into his canvas set, and amidst the shouts and cries and making movies, slept like a kitten. But always, it seems, with one ear open. His pal, Woody Van Dyke, the director and another night owl, has the same trick of catching up between shots, and a strange sight indeed is to see Van and Frank carrying on a conversation with their eyes closed and their chins on their chests!

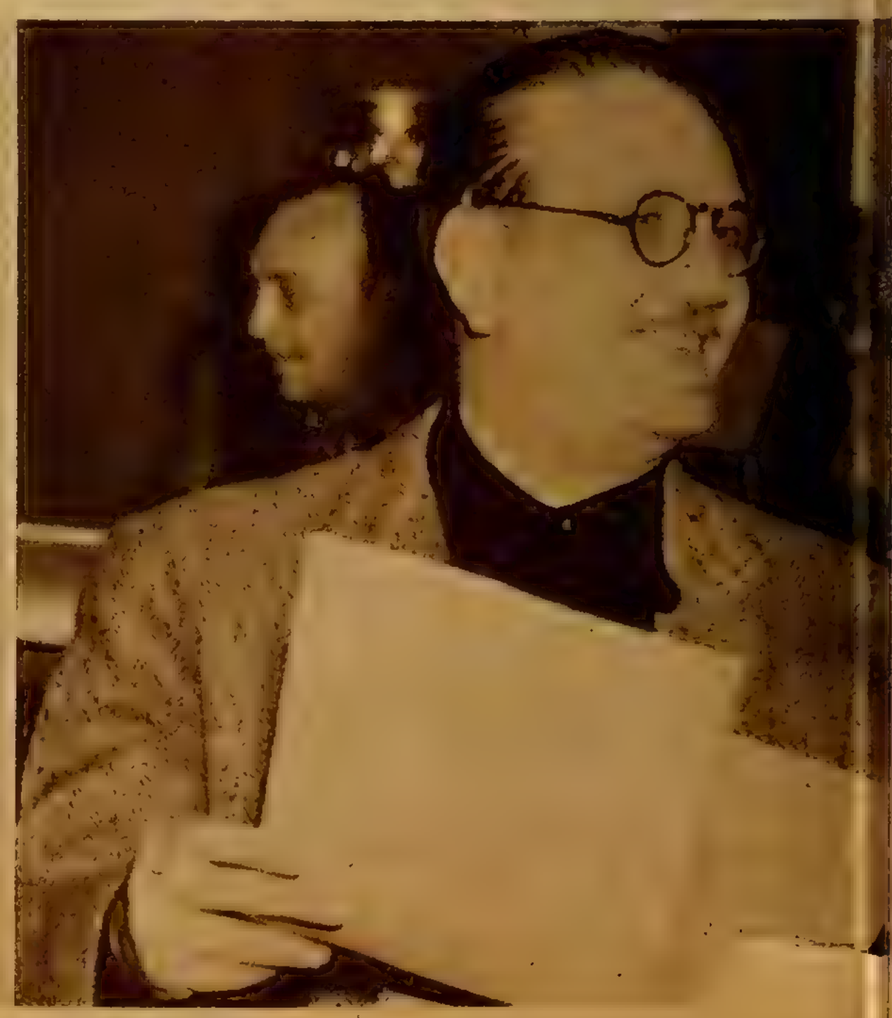
But even if it means staying up all night, Frank can't stop having a good time; he never could.

If Frank has ever worried, it hasn't been noticeable to his most intimate (*Continued on page* 56)

He'll talk of his wife Alma as a "terror," but actually, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan have been an ideally happy couple for more than twenty years.

Frank's having the time of his life since joining radio. He might miss a rehearsal but he wouldn't miss a show for all the bonds in Wall Street.

Fink Photos



THE Morgan-THE MERRIER

He can't resist anything that looks like fun—he's Hollywood's prize story teller and most unreliable yachtsman. You'll love the hysterical star of Good News

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

Big Sister

Beginning an exciting new serial of modern love. Meet gallant Ruth Evans, whose love and devotion are the only things left when Dr. John Wayne's marriage ruins his brilliant career

Sponsored by the Makers of Rinso

Illustrations by Franz Felix

JOHN'S message had seemed innocent enough, authentic enough. A woman's voice clipped and impersonal: "Miss Ruth Evans? I'm calling for Dr. John Wayne. He wonders if you could be ready to meet him in a few minutes?"

"Why—yes, of course."

"He asked me to say that it's very important—he has a surprise for you. And he's sending his new car around to pick you up."

That was all. The woman hadn't said so, but Ruth had supposed, of course, she was one of the nurses at the hospital, and that John, too busy in the clinic to go to the telephone himself, had asked her to call. It was perfectly ordinary, perfectly matter-of-fact. And yet. . . .

And yet, her slim body resting against the soft cushions of the new car, while it purred softly over the pavement of a road leading out of town, Ruth felt herself grow uneasy.

That chauffeur, now—he didn't look like a real chauffeur, quiet and respectful as he had been when he helped her into the car. The back of his head was ugly, bullet-shaped. And why should John be meeting her out in the country?—unless he wanted to talk to her at some quiet country inn. Perhaps—and she thrilled with sudden hope—the surprise was that Norma Wayne had dropped her fantastic demands for money, had agreed to a quiet, dignified divorce.

The car swerved sharply, turned into a winding lane, a narrow track between encroaching nettles and choke-cherry bushes. "Driver!" she called, "where are we going?"

"Dr. Wayne's orders, miss," he said respectfully, without turning his head. "He is visiting a patient out here, and wanted me to pick him up in the car."

"Oh." Ruth leaned back again, relieved. Of course—a perfectly obvious explanation. But the nagging doubt persisted, there in the back of her mind. She tried to laugh it off. Nothing but a hangover from the long face Jerry Miller had pulled when he found out where she was going. But Jerry was a reporter, sniffing disaster where there wasn't any, as part of his

A FICTIONIZATION BY HOPE HALE OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM

"If Norma lives, your life is ruined, my career is smashed."

day's work. It was a habit with him.

"You know Norma," he'd expostulated. "You know she's as screwy as they come. But I happen to know more. I know she's playing around with some mighty bad company right now. She's pie for a gang like that. She'll try anything they put into her head—which you know darned well is not what you'd call well balanced. Particularly now she's so jealous of you."

In all essentials, Ruth had to admit, he was right. Norma was neurotic, hysterical—and she was intensely jealous of Ruth, even though she based her jealousy on nothing but instinct. John had wanted a divorce months before he had met Ruth. And never once, even when they were alone, had John or Ruth

given a sign that they loved each other. But Norma—somehow, Norma *knew*. All of Ruth's friendship toward her, even all of her effort to bring about a reconciliation between the Waynes, had been of no avail against that knowledge.

But surely even Norma couldn't lend herself to the sort of sordid intrigue that Jerry had seemed to foresee.

She forced her mind away from the Waynes, back to Jerry Miller, to her sister Sue and her brother Ned. Strange that now, for the first time in years, she was finding her thoughts full of her own problems, when for so long there had been nothing there but plans, hopes, schemes for those two beloved youngsters whom, single handed, she had fed and clothed from their infancy. Sue—wild, tempestuous, impulsive, vivid Sue, still half child and half woman. And Ned, who bore his pain so quietly, who looked at you with such a grave regard in his blue eyes.

HER heart swelled with gratitude to Dr. John Wayne, and she knew that it would have taken more than a red-headed reporter's scare-head premonitions to prevent her from responding to any call of his, no matter how unexpected, no matter how dubious. It was John whose friendship and surgical skill had lifted Ned from the bleakness of his wheel-chair into the hope of a normal boyhood and a sturdy, independent manhood. For that alone, Ruth could never do enough for John.

As for Sue—well, Sue was not to be worried about any longer, either. Leave her, Ruth thought with amusement, to young Jerry's wooing—that wooing which resembled nothing so much as a continuous squabble between two high-tempered puppies or kittens. Jerry called Sue an infant, and she called him a dope, and Ruth knew well enough that this exchange of insults was the most important thing in either of their lives.

Ruth looked up with a start. Twilight hung darkly against the windows of the car, which had just lurched itself to a halt. The chauffeur got out of his seat and came around to open the door.

"Come along quiet now," he said grimly.

Ruth shrank away from him. "What—where are we?" she stammered. "I don't understand."

"You ain't supposed to. I said—come along."

His voice was full of menace. Trembling, Ruth obeyed. He took her by the arm and walked her forward, over a faint path that he picked out with a flashlight in his other hand. Its glow showed, very soon, a rough, unpainted door, a rusty keyhole. Holding the flashlight under his arm, he thrust a key in and turned it, pushed Ruth toward the darkness within.

"I won't!" she protested. "I won't go in there!"

"Yes you will. Listen, sister, my job is to deliver you here—but I don't get any extra bonus for keeping you in good condition. That's strictly up to you. And if you don't want to get hurt, you better move!"

With a sudden movement, he sent her spinning into the close, musty darkness of the cabin.

Then came the most unbelievable part of this unreal scene. "Now," the man said, "do me a favor and take off your coat and dress." Already he was roughly pulling her coat from her shoulders.

Ruth really screamed then. "Take your hands off me! You can't—"

"Oh yes, I can. And I'm going to. But not what you think, sister. You got nothing to fear—not from me, anyhow. My orders is to remove coat and dress and leave. So hand them over and I'll beat it."

Breathing again, so relieved that even this indignity did not seem impossible to her, Ruth slipped out of the garments and gave them to him. Anything to be free of his frightening presence.

But as the key turned in the lock—outside—Ruth almost called him back. This darkness, this horrible strange darkness—she could not bear it alone.

Then she knew she was not alone.

She heard a slight scraping noise in the corner, faint at first like the movement of a tiny animal. Then there was a hoarse, muffled voice, groaning. That was human.

She stood rigid with fear. But the sounds continued—and now there seemed an odd ring of familiarity in them.

"John!"

Yes, surely the sounds responded.

She groped her way to the dark corner. Now she could see a little. She made out the form of a man lying in the shadows. She reached a fearful hand out to him. Her fingers learned that he was gagged. She stripped off the adhesive tape. With difficulty, he spoke.

"Ruth. Oh, my dear! Why did I let you in for this?"

"John!" she sobbed, trembling fingers already busy with the ropes that bound his hands and feet. Then she gasped in astonishment. The ropes cut into naked flesh—like herself, John had been robbed of some of his clothes.

He got to his feet with difficulty, and together they searched the one impenetrably dark room of the cabin. Not a stick of furniture, not a weapon, nothing to use to break the stout door lock or the boarded-up window—nothing rewarded their efforts.

"Well," John said grimly. "Here we are. We might as well make ourselves at home. At first I thought this was just a bit of private blackmail, between Norma and me. Someone called me and asked for a consultation on an emergency case out here. The reception committee was a determined pair of gentlemen who left me unconscious. Not without, I may add, a manly but quite futile show of resistance on my part." He rubbed his jaw reflectively. "Tomorrow," he said, "you'll be treated to a fine display of assorted bruises in all the choicest sunset colors—"

"Don't try to cheer me up," Ruth said. "I'll be all right. But we've got to *do* something—"

(*Continued on page* 62)

The headlights shone on an overturned car.

THE BROADCAST THAT

SCARED AMERICA

ON the night of Sunday, October 30, an unprecedented wave of panic swept the United States, caused by a program which was broadcast by Orson Welles (pictured here) and his Mercury Theater troupe on the Columbia network. It was a dramatization of H. G. Wells' old thriller, "The War of the Worlds"—a fantasy describing the supposed invasion of the Earth by an army of huge, horrible Martians.

Thousands of listeners, tuning in the program after it started, heard the spot news "bulletins"—the method by which the story was largely told—and became convinced that this planet was actually being invaded by fearsome creatures who were destroying people by the hundreds with their "death rays."

Not until after the broadcast did Welles, his troupe, and the network realize the panic that had been loosed in the nation. From every part of the country came news that men and women were rushing into the streets, driving madly into the country to escape the "end of the world."

The following day the head of the Federal Communications Commission, Frank McNinch, publicly declared the broadcast "regrettable," and promised an investigation. CBS officials and Welles expressed their apologies for the unexpected outcome and promised that the news "bulletin" technique would not be used again in circumstances that could cause listeners alarm.

Already there has risen the beginning of a hue and cry for censorship of radio, the bugaboo that haunted broadcasters a year ago, following a Mae West appearance on the air. Already a promise has been made of a bill to be introduced in Congress to require all scripts to be sent to a government agency before broadcasting.

The eventual outcome of this program and its effect on broadcasting as we know it today probably cannot be decided for months to come.

C O M I N G !

In the February issue of RADIO MIRROR, read untold facts about the program and its young star, who was able to plunge a whole nation into terror

Macfadden Studios

Which shall it be—life-long love between man and wife, or . . .

John J. Anthony is director of the Good Will Hour on the Mutual network, every Sunday evening at 10:00, E.S.T., and also the director of his own Marital Relations Institute. In both of these capacities he has for several years been able to talk to unhappy married couples and aid them in solving their problems. RADIO MIRROR *is happy to present this illuminating article by Mr. Anthony.*

THE fact is—though often we fail to realize it—that marriage is an institution. The happiest people are those who are married, and then stay married. Divorce, as it is practiced by a small section of the population, isn't a solution of the search for happiness. There is something very pitiful, almost heart-breaking, in the spectacle of those people who go through life choosing partners, discarding them in the courts, choosing new ones, only to discard them in turn.

I think you'll agree that monogamy—the practice of having one mate, and only one—is the ideal in marriage, creating the most lasting satisfaction and peace. There's only one difficulty with this ideal—human nature being what it is, it's hard to make monogamy work.

In fiction and in plays infidelity is rated the number one cause of marital discord. And legally it is the grounds most often used to secure divorce. Actually, however, from the human, psychological standpoint it is only one cause of divorce, and a vastly over-rated cause at that. Only a small percentage of married unhappiness arises out of unfaithfulness. Monogamy has at least four other enemies working against it, all more powerful than infidelity—four other forces working to break up marriages and land them in the divorce courts.

My work has convinced me of this. In my position as director of the Marital Relations Institute, and in the past two years as director of radio's Original Good Will Hour, I have been permitted to see a cross-section of humanity. People from all walks of life come to me and speak from their hearts, telling me frankly why they think their marriages are headed for disaster.

They are not in a court of law when they talk to me: they can tell me things that may be prejudicial to their own case, as well as things that will help it. And the result has frequently been a frank discussion that led to happiness instead of a trial leading to divorce.

The causes of marital failure are almost infinite in their variety. Each problem presents its own individual features that practically make it unique. Still it is possible to look beyond the separate variations and form some sort of classification of the most frequent factors producing discord and dissension in married life.

Broadly speaking, and listing them in the order of their importance and frequency, I should say that the commonest sources of marital disturbance are: sexual maladjustment, nagging, unequal mental development, financial inability to provide support, and infidelity.

I place sexual maladjustment first because, for the psychologist, it is the greatest single cause of divorce. The explanation for this, of course, lies in the fact that sexual attraction forms the basis for most of our marriages.

The things that can throw the fine sexual balance between a man and a woman out of kilter are almost innumerable. Run-down physical condition is a common cause. Nervous strain, over-indulgence, too much alcohol are others. The most frequent, however, is just plain overwork and fatigue.

ONE day Helen M— came to me for advice. "My husband and I have lost interest in each other," she said. "What can we do about it?"

"What do you mean by 'lost interest in each other'?" I asked.

She was bashful about explaining at first, but I finally got her to tell me that Tom was failing to carry out his normal husbandly duties.

"I can't understand it," she said. "Do you think it's because he doesn't love me any more?"

I questioned her some more. How old was Tom? Twenty-seven, she told me. "What kind of work does he do?" I demanded.

"He's a waiter in a chain restaurant."

I asked her to tell me more about his work. What was it like? How hard was it? What were his exact duties? When did he go to work? When did he come home?

She described Tom's work in detail and when she had finished I saw the picture of a man who, though young, was using up a terrific amount of physical energy. Moreover, in addition to his job, he drilled one night a week with a National Guard regiment and was a member of a bowling league sponsored by his company. Tom was just a tired old man at twenty-seven.

I explained to Helen why they had been "losing interest in each other." The next day I had Tom come in to see me. I told him what his wife had confided and just why their marriage was heading for a crack-up.

"Look here," I said. "Cut out all your outside activities that are eating up your strength and confine yourself to your two real jobs in life—your work and your wife."

I am happy to say that Tom saw my

. . . the tragedy of the divorce court?

Making Monogamy Work

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

What are the real causes of divorce? The startling truth from radio's authority on marriage will safeguard your happiness

point and that my advice has proved sound.

Nagging, which is second on my list, is not really a cause itself, but the effect of a cause. Actually, husbands and wives nag each other not because they want to, but because they have to. Remember that. And they pester each other because there is some temperamental conflict that must be cured if they expect the nagging to stop.

EDWARD M—— is a case in point. He came to my office one afternoon, dropped into a chair and announced: "You'll have to do something about my wife! She's impossible to live with. She's making my life miserable. She hounds me day and night—nags me to death. Why do I want the window closed? Why do I want it open? Why must I smoke cigars in the house? Why do I have to listen to Eddie Cantor when she wants to listen to a lecture on Early Byzantine art?" And then followed more details about how terrible a woman she was, and how amiable and patient he was. I heard him out and promised I'd see Mrs. M—— within a day or two.

When she came in a few days later I could see at once that she was a charming, intelligent, cultured woman. I told her her husband had talked to me and I told her what he had said. She smiled.

"Yes," she said. "That's just what I expected him to say."

Then she told me her side of the story. She admitted the truth of much of what her husband had said, but she added an important fact which he had omitted. She was not well, was subject to frequent acute headaches, and though Mr. M—— knew this, he seemed unwilling to make allowances for it. On the contrary, he wanted everything his own way and any attempt on her part to have her wishes fulfilled was greeted only by arguments, angry outbursts, and scorn.

It was clear to me that the shoe, as it usually is in these cases, was on the other foot. I telephoned Mr. M—— and asked him to come back to see me.

I questioned him closely regarding the specific incidents mentioned by his wife and found that what she had told me was substantially true.

"Mr. M——," I asked him, "do you want to bring your marriage to an end?"

He looked at me in surprise. "Of course not. That's why I came to see you."

"Well," I said, "you might as well, unless you are willing to accept the fact that sometimes your wife is unwell and must then be treated with extra kindness and consideration. You know, marriage is a partnership, and unless you can develop a sensible, tolerant, human spirit of give and take you may as well call quits right now. And frankly, I have a hunch that if you will do this, you'll find your wife's illnesses becoming less frequent."

I think I made him see the light, because when last heard from Mr. and Mrs. M—— were living "happily ever after." In that case, you see, the nagging was a symptom of another and quite different evil. Once that evil was recognized, the nagging disappeared.

Unequal mental development occurs when one-half of the firm either moves too far ahead or lags too far behind the parade. One or the other develops interests that carry him clean out of the other's world. To effect a reunion demands tremendous tact and understanding from the more aggressive one, and an equal amount of hard work, ambition and humility from the other.

Elizabeth H——'s problem, which looked at first like another case of sexual maladjustment, turned out to be simply unequal mental development.

"I guess I'm what is known as a 'frigid wife'," she confessed to me. "I have been married five years. My husband is kind and tender and devoted to me. But never once have I felt anything but repugnance toward his embraces.

"This uncontrollable aversion on my part started on our wedding night. I can sincerely say it was as great a shock to me as to my husband. All during our engagement, which lasted nearly two years, I had looked forward to marriage as the glorious culmination of our love. Neither of us wanted to enter into a sordid, underhanded relationship, so we had deliberately confined our expressions of affection to a few harmless kisses. We were rather proud of our self-control, and confident that our marriage would be that much happier because of it.

"But what happened was so horrible, so disappointing, so unexpected that I can't even think of it without wanting to cry. My husband was deeply hurt, angry and bewildered.

"In other respects our married life is ideal," she continued. "We have a lovely home and are fond of each other. Though Ted hasn't the education or the upbringing I have, he has such a generous and good-natured disposition that I can overlook his occasional crudities of manners and speech."

I questioned her some more, and at last said: "In the first place, you'll have to stop feeling superior to your husband."

This statement brought her upright in her chair.

"Wait a minute," I warned her. "If you didn't feel superior to him, would you say, 'Ted hasn't the upbringing and the education I had'? Or refer to his crudities of speech and manners? Since you subconsciously consider him an inferior individual, you bitterly resent his domination—as a man. Your frigidity is a protest against his masculine domination.

"Secondly, stop comparing the inglorious present with the roseate dreams of the past. You undoubtedly built your hopes too high. During your long engagement, you compensated for the restraint of natural instincts by picturing a future which reality never could equal.

"Once you have cleared your mind of these cobwebs, consult your family physician. If there is a physical reason, as well as a mental one for the condition you describe, expert advice will enable you to find the solution."

But she returned, a month or two later, and (*Continued on page 67*)

The author, John J. Anthony, helping a troubled young lady solve her problem on the Good Will Hour.

Skinnay

Ten months ago just a crooning drummer-boy—today young Mr. Skinnay Ennis leads his own band on the new Bob Hope show. Here are two of Skinnay's admirers, Joan Crawford and Cesar Romero, dancing to his music at Victor Hugo's in Hollywood.

Hyman Fink Photo

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

GOES PLACES

From Movies

THE LIVELY LIFE STORY OF ADOLPHE MENJOU—RADIO'S

Wednesday's new Texaco show on CBS brings one of Hollywood's real old timers to radio for the first time. Above—1920, with Bebe Daniels in "Pink Gods."

By 1923, Adolphe Menjou was the movies' most hissable villain. Above, it's easy to see that he bodes no good for Kathlyn Williams in "The World's Applause."

Villainy behind him, by 1925 he was playing romantic roles and putting plenty of umph into wooing Florence Vidor in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

Menjou has been married three times. In this picture, taken in 1924, he is with his first wife and twelve-year-old stepson on the lawn of his Hollywood home.

to Mike

NEWEST MASTER OF CEREMONIES

In 1924—with glamour queen Pola Negri, now almost forgotten, in "Forbidden Paradise."

Above, with his second wife, Kathryn Carver; right, as Hollywood's "best dressed man."

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

In 1934, Menjou married actress Verree Teasdale, in a surprise elopement. You hear her now on his program.

=

Menjou now is one of the few movie actors who can't be "typed." He shines in any kind of part. Right, as Andrea Leed's actor-father in "Letter of Introduction."

First Prize—a very unusual close-up of a wrestling match—won by Glen Fishback of Sacramento, California.

Second Prize—a delightful shot of baby pulling sis's hair—snapped by Duke Shoop of Los Angeles.

Third Prize—this fine bird study was snapped by Mrs. Florence Henderson of Sacramento, Cal.

KNX proves there's something new under the sun with a radio camera contest—of all things!

THERE'S just nothing radio can't do—even to putting on a program built around the most visual of all hobbies, amateur photography. Columbia's Camera Club, through its broadcasts over station KNX, Los Angeles, and the CBS Pacific network, has become one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country, with four thousand shutter-snappers to its credit.

When the program announced a contest for prize-winning amateur photographs recently, nearly a thousand entries came in for the judges to thumb through before they finally emerged with the three prize shots shown here.

How Radio Mirror Gets a COVER

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

MANY a magazine cover is originally a publicity photograph, but when RADIO MIRROR began its series of portraits of stars and their children, it was up to our ace cameraman to provide the pictures. Stars are notoriously shy about posing with their children and there were seldom any pictures already available. Only a master of tact like Hyman Fink, Hollywood's favorite press photographer, could have secured such covers as those of the Ameches, the Bennys, Bob Burns and his daughter, and the Crosbys' latest addition, on the cover of this month's issue.

Hyman spends much of his time in Hollywood night clubs, snapping celebrities, and when he spotted Bing and Dixie Crosby in one he asked for permission to pose their newest and fourth son. "Sure," Bing said, "we'll be at the Del Mar ranch next week—run down some afternoon." (Ed. note: only 190 miles each way.)

When Hyman arrived at the ranch, Bing was at his race track (of course), but Dixie kept young Lindsay Harry amused while the pictures shown here were taken. All were sent to the editors of RADIO MIRROR, who chose Hyman's own favorite—the big one opposite, with the broadest smile.

The parents of those much talked about four boys—Dixie Lee and Bing Crosby, caught by Hyman at the Trocadero.

Camera catches cameraman—RADIO MIRROR'S photographer, Hyman Fink, before the mike.

Picture after picture was taken of Lindsay Harry but Hyman wasn't satisfied until he got that big, bright smile. Below, in inset, the Crosby ranch at Del Mar, near Bing's famous race track.

WHILE THERE'S HOPE THERE'S LIFE

JUST for the sake of argument—and Bob Hope would do anything for the sake of a good argument, so why shouldn't you?—pretend this is Tuesday evening, time to listen to that new Colossus of Comedy, the Bob Hope Variety show. The band's playing, Bob and Skinnay and Bill Goodwin and Jerry Colonna are all ready to entertain you—and here goes, via one of RADIO MIRROR'S special Readio-Broadcasts, for thirty minutes of hilarity.

BOB: How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. Here I am back again for Pepsodent, and I'm just as surprised as you are, after last week's show. Letters and telegrams are still pouring in from people all over the country. All I can say is they don't know a good program when they hear it.

I might have been a little jittery last week, but I don't have to worry—the Philharmonic Orchestra heard me and they want me. They want to use my knees for castanets. They thought I was nervous last week, but you should have seen Bill Goodwin. Bill put his hand on the table to steady himself—and got three messages from the spirit world.

BILL: How do you feel now, Bob?

BOB: I'm all right. I was just wondering how the sponsor feels.

BILL: I wouldn't worry about him. After all, how long can a man carry a grudge?

BOB: Well, I got a letter from my brother. He thought the program was great.

BILL: Really? How'd the warden like it?

BOB: Now, don't kid about my brother. He's doing all right at Alcatraz. He has the slot machine concession. Too bad he was taken out of circulation—he used to make money hand over fist, just like a machine. In fact, he did make it like a machine. He made the ten-dollar bills in the daytime and the twenty-dollar bills at night. When he worked nights he used to pay himself overtime.

Brother really shouldn't be up there, but the government got jealous of the money he was making. It looked so much like theirs. They never would have caught him, but he had a one-cent sale on the dollar bills. He gave away two bills for the price of one. . . . He used to make twenty-five thousand dollars a year and it only took him an hour to do it. I asked him once why he didn't make more, and he said, "Oh no, that would put me in the higher income brackets."

That's enough about my brother. I don't want to talk about my relatives too much—not that I haven't any. In fact, so many relatives call at my hotel, the revolving door keeps the whole place air-conditioned. Take Bob Burns. He's always talking about his Grandpa Snazzy. He should meet my Uncle Lucifer—he's always taking things around the house. I went to sleep last night and this morning I woke up in the pawn shop window. . . . Why, hello, Skinnay Ennis! What did you hear about last week's show?

Bob Hope, new Colossus of Comedy, stars Tuesday nights for Pepsodent on NBC's Red network.

So you're wondering too? The black mustache adorns Jerry Colonna, Bob's main heckler.

As nutty as a Christmas plum pudding, as full of gags as Congress, this Bob Hope laugh-fest is— But read it and then praise it with your own words

RADIO MIRROR Radio Broadcast

(*Copyright, 1938 by The Pepsodent Company*)

SKINNAY: Well, Bob—my mother hears all the funny programs on the air—and she thinks you're different.

BOB: Yes, that's very nice. . . . Here comes Jerry Colonna. Now I'll get a sensible answer. Jerry, how did your brood like the broadcast last week?

JERRY: Oooooooh, yes. My Cousin Willie enjoyed it conclusively.

BOB: Did he think I was droll?

JERRY: My knave, there's quite a difference between droll and drool.

BOB: Well, what's the difference, as long as he liked the program?

JERRY: He enjoyed the program so much that next week we're going to put tubes in the radio!

BOB: Oh! I think we'd better change the subject. Let's talk about girls. They're always safe.

JERRY: With you, they are.

BOB: (*Ignoring this.*) Say, Bill, have you noticed the women look different this year? The way they're wearing their hair—you know, up on top of the head? Gee, I never knew they had ears. . . . The girls wear their hair up so high they have to have the perfume sprayed on by a tree surgeon. I saw a sign in a beauty parlor today—"Marcel and your ears pinned back for a dollar."

BILL: (*Enthusiastically.*) Bob, wait until you see these girls I got for our date tonight! They're beautiful! Come on, let's go get them now.

(*And all at once we hear the hum of a motor and realize that Bob and Bill are in a car, on their way to meet their dates. But Bob's getting restless.*)

BOB: Bill, we've been driving quite a while for a blind date. Don't you know any girls in this state?

BILL: Well, Bob, we ought to be there any minute now. . . .

BOB: Yeah, you told me that twenty-two miles ago. Bill, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but tell me, what does my girl look like

BILL: Well, *my* girl has the most gorgeous figure you ever saw; she used to pose for radiator caps.

BOB: Yeah, but what part of the car did *my* girl pose for?

BILL: Well, she's a swell dancer. . . .

BOB: Never mind that, just tell me what movie star she resembles. We've been driving two hours, we've had two flat tires, and it looks like I'm going to get another one. What color hair has my girl got—if any?

BILL: Well, if I remember . . . her hair is sort of a *plaid.*

BOB: Plaid!

BILL: What are you complaining about? The last girl I got you had as many teeth as my girl.

BOB: That was the trouble—she was all teeth. She had such big buck teeth she could eat an apple through a picket fence. The only thing missing was a saddle. Didn't I see her running at Delmar? . . . What's my girl's name?

BILL: Esmerelda Emmerratch.

BOB: Esmerelda Emmerratch! I hope she doesn't *look* like that *sounds!* . . . Hey, what are you stopping in front of this barn for?

BILL: This isn't a barn. This is the house where Esmerelda lives.

BOB: Well, what's that big goat doing in the window?

BILL: That's Esmerelda's father.

BOB: If that's her father—what does her *mother* look like?

BILL: Bob, do you see that cow standing over there in the corner?

BOB: Yes.

BILL: Well, it isn't a cow!

BOB: (*Resigning himself to his fate.*) Well, I'm here—I'll suffer. Let's go in!

(*The door-bell rings; Pa Emmerratch answers it.*)

PA: Ahh, good evening. Step right in, boys. The girls will be right down. Want to play some poker?

BILL: How do you do, Mr. Emmerratch. This is the fellow I was telling you about—you know, from the Pepsodent program.

PA: Oh, how do you do, Amos? Come in—how's Madame Queen?

BOB: You can tell *he* listens. . . . Is Esmerelda ready, Mr. Emmerratch?

PA: Ready? She's *been* ready for thirty years. By the way, boys, just check your coats over there . . . that'll be ten cents. While we're waiting would you like to shoot some dice? Let's get a little action around here. Care for a cold drink while you're waiting?

BOB: Oh, thanks, Mr. Emmerratch — don't mind if I do.

Bob Hope's other heckler—Bill Goodwin, the Pepsodent announcer.

PA: Soda pop or a bottle of beer?

BOB: Oh, it doesn't make any difference.

PA: Yes, it does. Pop's a nickel. Beer's ten cents. Like to play a little roulette?

BOB: I don't gamble.

PA: You're taking my daughter out, ain't you?

BILL: Will you please tell the girls we're waiting, Mr. Emmerratch?

PA: Hey, Hedy, Goody's here!

HEDY: (*And she sounds very nice.*) Why, hello, Bill.

BILL: Hello, Hedy. Meet my friend—he's that very funny fellow on the radio.

HEDY: Oh, really? The one with five daughters?

BOB: I like her even *after* that line. She's *snazzy.* Let's go, Hedy.

BILL: Wait, Bob—we have to wait for *your* girl.

PA: (*Shouting.*) *Maw!* It's eight-thirty. Let Esmerelda out!

(*There is a clanking of chains and the squeak of a heavy door. Then we hear Esmerelda yelling.*)

EZZY: Yeeeeeeeee! A *man!* Wow!

PA: Hurry, Esmerelda. Don't let *this* sucker off your hook. He's wiggling.

EZZY: I'll be down in a minute. I'm having trouble with my hair.

PA: What's the matter? Can't you fix it?

EZZY: Fix it? I can't find it!

BOB: I wish *I* could get lost.

(*We hear footsteps. Here she comes!*)

EZZY: Well, jitterbugs, here I am! Let's cut a rug!

BOB: (*In a low voice.*) Bill, she's got her face on upside down!

EZZY: Come on, boys. How about a game of post office?

BOB: Do you mean I have to kiss you?

EZZY: Well, I ain't gonna sell you stamps! Ya-hooooooooo!

BOB: Come on, let's go.

(*We hear the car motor roar, and then stop. In the background there is the sound of a dance hall.*)

A VOICE: Tickets, five cents each! Get your blackjacks here! Can't have no fun without a blackjack.

BOB: A nice place to come to relax. I wonder what time they carry out the wounded? . . . Say, there's Skinnay Ennis! Hiya, Skinnay!

SKINNAY: Hiya, Sucker!

BOB: Hmm. Wonder how he knew?

EZZY: Come on, Bobsy-Wobsy. Let's dance.

BOB: (*After a pause.*) Say, Ezzy, do you *always* dance like this?

EZZY: Oh, no. Sometimes I move my feet.

BOB: Well, when you have time, will you move them off mine? I don't mind you stepping on my feet, but don't try to put my shoes on.

EZZY: Oh, here comes my steady boy-friend!

BOB: You mean that black mustache with legs?

JERRY COLONNA: What're you doing with *my* girl?

BOB: *Your* girl?

JERRY: Sure—I'm a talent scout for Ripley!

SKINNAY: Ladies and gentlemen, we're now going to turn out the lights so everybody can change partners! One, two, three—out!

BOB: (*Talking to himself through the confusion.*) Here's my chance! . . . Oh, Hedy. . . . Hedy. . . . Come here. Let's slip out this way—right through this door over here.

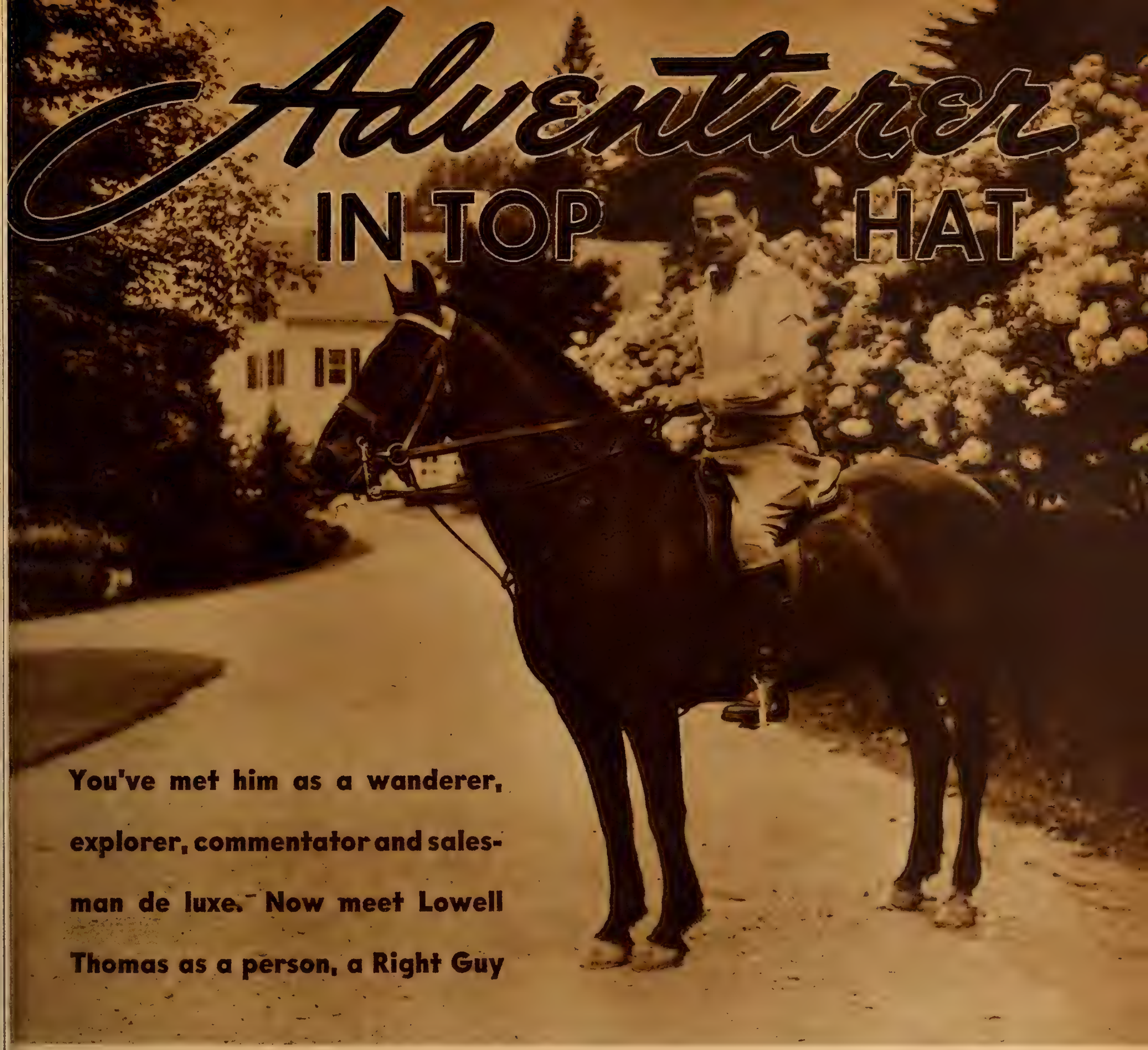
(*A door opens and closes, and Bob whispers:*) At last we are alone, Hedy . . . kiss me!

(*There is a long, ecstatic silence. Then Bob says:*) Darling, what is that thing on your lip that tickles me so?

JERRY: Ahhhhhhhhhh—so you're wondering too!

And that finishes both Bob Hope and this special Readio-Broadcast—but you can tune in next Tuesday at 10:00 on NBC.

Adventurer IN TOP HAT



You've met him as a wanderer, explorer, commentator and salesman de luxe. Now meet Lowell Thomas as a person, a Right Guy

Astride one of his beautiful saddle horses, in front of the picturesque Thomas estate.

By BERTON BRALEY

PART III

LOWELL THOMAS runs by stop-watch, like a radio program, yet he is never in a hurry. His enthusiasm and inward vim are inexhaustible—as his energy seems to be. But the reason this energy doesn't exhaust lies in the way he organizes it. For in this Thomas has absolute genius. The system he has evolved for directing his energies is as flexible as a hula dancer's spine and as elastic as a politician's conscience.

He can organize Red Cross Drives, get up Soft Ball Championships between the Nine Old Men and the Prehistoric Sluggers (comprising eighteen important names) and play in them; sandwich in a campaign to place some friend, acquaintance, or total stranger in a favorable spot where his abilities can register. He has put a half dozen men on the lecture platform, and helped countless aspiring authors and artists to find their public.

Not to speak of young explorers he's found jobs exploring.

That is why he also has time to pinch hit for speakers "too busy" to keep their appointments; why he can and does engage in little labors of love, like writing introductions for his friends' books, managing his employees' finances, sparking ideas for fellow-authors who have gone stale; and furnishing letters of introduction for travelers he thinks worth introducing (and a Lowell letter is likely to mean a red carpet on the dock and the Grand Vizier waiting with a guard of honor. Thomas knows some ten thousand prominent people.)

He augments his personality with an able personnel. Topping his private staff of eight, as creative aides, are Prosper Buranelli and Louis Sherwin. Sherwin is a brilliant, astute and prolific newspaper man formerly on the New York Evening Post. Buranelli was cross-word puzzle inventor for the old World, and still turns 'em out. Lowell regards (*Continued on page* 69)

Radio Mirror's

Amusing, educational, sensational are these new brain-teasing questions, designed strictly for fun

DECORATIONS BY VANDERPOEL

ALL aboard for the second installment of RADIO MIRROR'S own Ask-Me-Another game, inspired by the different quiz programs on the air!

The questions on these two pages are all original, never asked on the air, but they've been modeled after the type of brain-busters heard on the Professor Quiz, Vox Pop, Information Please, True or False, Ask-It-Basket, and Kay Kyser shows. In addition, there's a group of RADIO MIRROR'S own questions, which are really tough ones, and no fooling.

You can take the quiz by yourself, or with a party of friends. All you need is a pencil and piece of paper on which to jot down your answers. Unless you want to make the next person who tries to take the quiz mad, don't mark up the magazine.

When you've finished, turn to page 64 and check your answers against the correct ones given there. There are fifty questions in all, so score yourself this way: ten points for each complete question answered correctly; five points for a question of two parts one of which has been answered correctly; two points for each part of a five-part question. If you get a score of 500, which is perfect, you're a genius. If you get 375 you're very good indeed. A score of 275 is fair, but anything below 200 is poor and you ought to study up.

Suggested by
VOX POP
(NBC, Saturdays at 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. One of these men recently inherited about $100,000,000 on his birthday. Which was it? Richard Whitney, Alfred E. Smith, Marshall Field III, Conde Nast, Warren Pershing, Jules Bache.
2. Where and what is Madagascar?
3. A T-square is the working utensil of which of the following professional men? Plumber, printer, architect, lawyer, art critic, piano-tuner.
4. What radio star recently had an exhibition of surrealist paintings?
5. What famous artist once cut his own ear off?
6. What beautiful building was built as a tomb for a beloved wife?
7. Which letter of the alphabet is a measure? An industrious insect? A drink? A vegetable? A bird?
8. Unscramble the following mixture of stars and pictures so that each star is paired with the picture in which he or she played: "Robin Hood", "Of Human Bondage", W. C. Fields, "Of Human Hearts", Irene Dunne, Errol Flynn, Bette Davis, "Back Street", "David Copperfield", James Stewart.
9. The national anthem of what nation has music which was adapted from an old drinking song called "To Anacreon in Heaven?"
10. Why do barbers advertise their shops with a red-and-white striped pole?

Why do barbers advertise with red-and-white striped poles?

Suggested by
TRUE OR FALSE
(NBC, Mondays at 10:00 P. M., E.S.T.)

Are the following statements true or false?

1. The first college in America, founded by the Puritans, was Princeton.
2. William Penn was the leader of the religious sect known as the Disciples of Christ.
3. If you were afraid of being stuck by its quills, you would not pick up a hedgehog.
4. Flemish giant, Patagonian, Angora, and Himalayan are all breeds of cats.
5. A newcomer in the 1938-39 edition of "Who's Who in America" is Edgar Bergen.
6. The recent best-seller, "My Son, My Son!" was written by Arthur E. Hertzler.
7. The Premier of Czechoslovakia immediately preceding Premier Syrovy was Premier Masaryk.
8. A General ranks higher in the army than a Brigadier-General.
9. Robert Louis Stevenson is buried on an island in the South Seas.
10. The Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer, Warner Brothers, and Universal moving picture studios are all in Hollywood.

Suggested by
KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS
(NBC, Wednesdays at 10:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Name five popular songs with the word "Rose" or "Roses" in their titles. (One might be "Roses of Picardy.")
2. Name five orchestra leaders who direct their bands without using batons.
3. If you wanted to celebrate St. Patrick's Day musically, what five songs might you select to play?
4. Name five well known theme songs of radio, and identify them

Mammoth Quiz

with the people or programs who use them. (You could mention Kate Smith's "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain," for instance.)

5. What two songs are the following sets of lyrics taken from?

(a) Holy, fair and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

(b) Once in the dear dead days beyond recall
When on the world the mists began to fall.

(Recite these out loud and you'll begin to sing the tune.)

Suggested by
PROFESSOR QUIZ
(CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. When is a Countess' husband not a Count? (Note to wise guys: the answer is *not* "When he's no-account.")
2. Jones and Smith live 470 miles apart, and they wish to meet at a town on the road between their two homes on a certain day at three o'clock in the afternoon. The meeting place is 350 miles from Jones' home, and 120 miles from Smith's. Jones always drives his car at an average speed of 50 miles an hour, while Smith always drives at 30 miles an hour. Neither stops on the road at all. What time will each of them have to leave in order to be at the meeting place exactly at three?
3. If a cannon-ball traveling with irresistible force hits an immovable post, what will happen?
4. Why are the following five dates memorable?
1066—1215—1492—1781—1861.
5. If your brother married your father-in-law's sister, what relation to you would their children be?

Suggested by
INFORMATION, PLEASE
(NBC, Tuesdays at 8:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Complete these famous pairs of lovers by naming the missing member:
Hero and .....
Heloise and .....
Dante and .....
Pelleas and .....
Tristan and .....

2. Complete the following well-known couplets by adding the missing second line.
(a) And departing, leave behind us
(b) And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue'
(c) For of all sad words of tongue or pen
(d) Oh wad some power the gifts gie us
(e) To be, or not to be: that the question.
3. Name five plays or movies in which a dog was an important character.
4. What were the last names of these five famous characters of fiction?
Romeo.....; Nicholas.....
Becky.....; Penrod.....;
Tiny Tim.....
5. A lesson in slang: Why are coffee-and cake, hay, and peanuts the same thing?
6. Another lesson in slang: Define (a) "pantywaist," (b) "slap-happy," (c) "hams," (d) "corny," (e) "finger man."
7. What were the American pictures in which the following stars first became prominent? Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Margaret Sullavan.
8. Give five common expressions, sayings or phrases which mention a familiar household object. (For instance, there's "The pot calling the kettle black" or "He's on the shelf.")
9. Name five books or plays which have a fruit or a vegetable in their titles. (For instance, "Cabbages and Kings," by O. Henry.)
10. Suggest five words or phrases ordinarily used when a number of friends raise their glasses of beer. (Such as "Here's how," "Mud in your eye," etc. Now get five more.)

A Gypsy cigarette girl is the heroine of what grand opera?

Suggested by
THE ASK-IT-BASKET
(CBS, Wednesdays at 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

1. Name the advertising slogan that includes the word *time*. The one with the word *eventually*. The one with *ask*. The one with *beats*. The one with *scratched*.
2. When a Frenchman says "Hello" to another Frenchman, what phrase does he use?
3. Name the kind of boats used by the following people: American Indians, Eskimos, South Sea Islanders, Ancient Romans, Venetians.
4. Name two countries, besides the United States, which have red, white and blue flags.
5. On what nights of the week do the following five radio stars broadcast? Fred Allen, W. J. Cameron, Bob Burns, Bob Hope, Frances Langford.

RADIO MIRROR'S QUESTIONS

1. Name the ten members of the United States Cabinet or the posts which they occupy.
2. Name the thirteen countries of South America.
3. What is the hardest substance in the world, and where is it mostly found?
4. What American-born woman was the first woman member of the English Parliament?
5. What are the names of the following grand operas?
The one that is an adaptation of the play "Camille."
The one whose heroine is a Gypsy cigarette girl.
The one which caused a scandal when it was first played in New York.
The one whose hero is a clown.
The one that is about a ghost-ship.

(*For answers see page* 64)

The story thus far:

ON the night of Philip Allen's death an oddly assorted group of people attended the sinister Cafe *Domdaniel.* Philo Vance, the famous detective was there out of curiosity. Gracie Allen, an employee of the In-O-Scent Perfume Company, had come with one suitor, Mr. Puttle, partly to make another suitor, George Burns, jealous, and partly to persuade her brother Philip, a dish-washer in the cafe, not to quit his job. George Burns was keeping an eye on Gracie. One of Sergeant Heath's detectives was across the street, watching to see that Benny the Buzzard, an escaped criminal, did not return to his old haunt. And Owl Owen, master criminal, was there for reasons of his own. Vance already knew Gracie, having met her that afternoon in the country when a cigarette tossed from a passing car had burned a hole in her dress. Shortly after Vance left the *Domdaniel,* word reached him that Gracie's brother, had been found mysteriously dead in the office of Mirche, the *Domdaniel's* proprietor. Sergeant Heath was soon convinced that George Burns was guilty of Philip's death, but Vance was unsatisfied, and persuaded Heath to let George go free pending further investigation. Gracie, trying to help Vance solve the case, unwittingly revealed the existence of a secret door to Mirche's office, thus explaining how Philip had been found there when no one saw him enter. The autopsy revealed that his death had been caused by an obscure but very powerful poison. And Mr. Doolson, the In-O-Scent's proprietor, entered the mystery with a strange call upon Markham.

THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE

By S. S. VAN DINE

An inner lethargy marked him—he gave me the feeling of a living dead man.

Illustrations by
JOSEPH TESAR

The sinister shadow of Owl Owen, master criminal and dying madman, falls across the path of Philo Vance—and a new chapter is written in this thrilling story of murder by poisoning

PART IV
News of An Owl

AT eleven o'clock Vance went to the *Domdaniel.* After a delay of only five minutes, Mirche came into the reception-hall where we were waiting, and greeted Vance effusively, and led us along the terrace into his office.

"I merely wanted a chat with you anent the poor fellow who was found dead here Saturday night." Vance spoke with a casual pleasantness. "There are one or two points about the situation that rather interest me."

"I'm greatly surprised that you should be interested, Mr. Vance." Mirche was cool and suave. "After all, the man was only a dishwasher here. I had dismissed him just before the dinner hour. A question of pay—he didn't think he was getting enough. I don't see why he should come back, unless he thought better of the matter and wished to be reinstated. Most unfortunate he should die in my office. But he didn't seem to be a particularly robust fellow, and I suppose one can never tell when the heart will give out. . . . By the way, Mr. Vance, have they found out just what did cause his death?"

"No, I don't believe so," answered Vance noncommittally. "However, that isn't the point that interests me at the moment. The fact is, Mr. Mirche, there was an officer in the street outside Saturday night, and he insists he didn't see this dishwasher of yours enter the office here, after he was last seen coming out of it about six o'clock."

"Probably didn't notice him," said Mirche indifferently.

"No—oh, no. The officer—who, by the way, knew young Allen—is quite positive the man did not enter your office from the balcony all evening. Is it possible the fellow could have come in here some other way?" Vance paused momentarily and looked about him. "He might, don't y'know, have come through that little door in the wall at the rear."

Mirche did not speak for a moment. If I have ever seen a living picture of a man thinking rapidly, Mirche was that picture.

Suddenly the man let out a short laugh.

"And I thought I had guarded my little secret so well! . . . That door is a device of mine—purely for my own convenience, you understand." He rose and went to the rear of the office. "I'll show you how it works." He pressed a small medallion on the wainscoting, and a panel barely two feet wide swung silently into the room. Beyond was the narrow passageway in which Gracie Allen had lost her way.

Vance looked at the concealed catch on the secret door and then turned away, as if the revelation were nothing new to him.

"Quite neat," he drawled. "But how should your dishwasher have known of this arrangement?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Although it's wholly possible, of course, that some of the help around here have spied on me—or perhaps run into the secret accidentally."

"Miss Del Marr's aware of it, of course?"

"Oh, yes," Mirche admitted. "She helps me here a bit at times."

In the midst of Vance's next question the front door opened, and Miss Del Marr herself appeared in the doorway. Mirche introduced us.

"I have just been telling these gentlemen," he said

quickly, "about the private entrance to this room." He forced a laugh.

Vance smiled at Miss Del Marr. "You must find that door a great convenience."

"Oh, yes—especially when the weather is bad. In fact, it has proved most convenient." She spoke in a casual tone, but there was a hardness, almost a bitterness, in her expression.

Vance was scrutinizing her closely. I expected him to question her regarding Allen's death, for I knew this had been his intention. But, instead, he chatted carelessly regarding trivial, commonplace matters.

SHORTLY before he made his adieus, he said disarmingly to Miss Del Marr: "Forgive me if I seem personal, but I cannot help admiring the scent you are wearing. I'd hazard a guess it is a blend of jonquille and rose."

"Yes," she replied indifferently. "It has a ridiculous name—quite unworthy of it, I think. Mr. Mirche uses the perfume, too—I am sure it was my influence." She gave the man a conventional smile; and again I detected the hardness and bitterness in her manner.

As we walked toward the avenue, Vance was unusually serious.

"Deuced clever, our Mr. Mirche," he muttered. "Can't understand why he wasn't more concerned about the secret door. He's worried, though. Oh, quite. Very queer. . . . No need whatever to question the Lorelei. Changed my mind about that the moment she spoke so dulcetly and looked at Mirche. *There* was hatred, Van—passionate, cruel hatred. . . . And they both use *Kiss Me Quick*. Oh, where does that aromatic item belong? . . . Most puzzlin'!"

Coming next month . . . one of radio's most famous plays, "Cat Wife," by Arch Oboler . . . a Lights Out drama in spine-tingling short story form!

At the District Attorney's office Markham told us about Doolson's visit that morning.

"The man is desperately concerned, Vance,—and for the most incredible reason. It seems he has an exalted opinion of this young Burns' ability. Imagines his perfumery business cannot function without the fellow. And more of that sort of amazing twaddle."

"Not twaddle at all, Markham," Vance put in. "It was Burns who concocted the formula for *In-O-Scent* and saved Doolson from bankruptcy."

"Well, it seems, further, that the annual peak of the business is approaching. Doolson has invested heavily in an intensive campaign of some kind, and is in immediate need of various new popular odors. His contention is that only Burns can turn the trick."

"But why his visit here to your sanctum?"

"It appears Burns has chucked his job until cleared of all suspicion in the Allen affair. He's nervous and, I imagine, not a little frightened. Can't work, can't think, can't sniff—completely disorganized. And Doolson is frantic. Burns told him the affair was being kept quiet temporarily, and gave no names; but explained that he was in some way concerned with it and therefore upset. Having complete faith in Burns, Doolson hastened here in despair."

"Well?"

"He insists on offering a reward for the solution to the case, in the desperate hope of spurring me and the staff to get the matter settled at once, so his precious Burns can get back to work."

"And at what figure does he estimate the immediate and carefree services of Mr. Burns?"

"Five thousand dollars!"

"Quite insane," Vance laughed.

"I agree with you. I wouldn't believe it myself if I didn't have the written and signed instructions and the certified check right here in my safe at this moment—incidentally, with an expiration clause of forty-eight hours."

After Vance had absorbed this fantastic information, he related his own activities of the morning. He told of the secret door to Mirche's office, and dwelt on the Sergeant's stubborn suspicion that the *Domdaniel* was the centre of some far-reaching criminal ring.

To this last, Markham nodded slowly and thoughtfully.

"I'm not sure," he remarked, "that the Sergeant's suspicions are unfounded. That place has always troubled me a bit, but nothing definite has ever been brought to light."

"The Sergeant mentioned Owen as a possible guiding genius," Vance said. "And the idea rather appeals to me. I'm half inclined, don't y'know, to search for the 'Owl' and see if I can ruffle his feathers. . . . By the by, Markham, in case my impulse should overcome my discretion, what might be his given name?"

"As I remember, it's Dominic."

"Dominic—Dominic . . ." Suddenly Vance stood up, his eyes fixed before him. "*Dominic* Owen! And *Daniel* Mirche!" He held his cigarette suspended. "Now the whole thing *has* become fantasy. *Dominic—Daniel*. To wit, *DOMDANIEL!*"

Markham raised his eyebrows skeptically.

"Sheer coincidence, Vance. Though a neat bit of fantasy, I'll admit."

It was not Heath who was waiting for us when we returned to Vance's apartment a little before three. It was the ubiquitous Gracie Allen; and, as usual, she greeted Vance with gay exuberance.

"You told me to come back this afternoon. Or didn't you? Anyhow, you did say something about later this afternoon, and I didn't know what time *that* was; so I thought I'd come early. I've got *lots* of clues collected—that is, I've got three or four. But I don't think they're any good. Have *you* got any clues, Mr. Vance?"

"Not yet," he said, smiling. "That is, I haven't any definite clues. But I have several ideas."

"OH, tell me all about your ideas, Mr. Vance," she urged. "Maybe they *will* help."

"Well, let me see. . . ." And Vance, somewhat in the spirit of facetiousness, yet with a manifest benignity, told her of his surmise regarding the meaning of the word "Domdaniel".

Heath had come in and stood listening as enthralled as was the girl.

"That's simply *wonderful*, Mr. Vance," Gracie said. "I wish I could help you find the man named Dominic. We have a big fat shipping clerk down at the factory named Dominic. But he can't be the one you mean."

"No, I'm sure he's not. This one is a small man, with very dark, piercing eyes, and a white face, and hair that's almost black."

"Oh! Maybe it was the man (*Continued on page* 54)

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By
GEORGE
FISHER

Listen to his program on Saturday nights at 6:30, over the Mutual network.

Fink Photos

Since her Good News broadcast with Gable and Taylor, Myrna Loy is seriously thinking of her own radio show.

Young Mickey Rooney gets sentimental over "My Own," with Joe E. Brown.

"Take heed!" says Fisher to Martha Raye and her new husband, Dave Rose.

THE rice is barely out of Martha Raye's hair and already I am hearing stories that the two are tiffing . . . and for that age-old reason—her mother's interference. If Martha is wise, she will set up her own housekeeping and will stay as far away from her relatives as possible. Otherwise, I am afraid this marriage might wind up on the front pages, too.

* * *

Studio officials have decided Deanna Durbin still isn't old enough for romance, and so she will have no boy friend in her next picture, "Three Smart Girls Grown Up."

* * *

The Joe E. Brown show, fairly new to the networks, isn't being too favorably received. It takes a long time for a film comedian to become accustomed to radio. Stars are trained to "Mugg" for a camera, and when they go on the air they forget you are only heard, not seen! Joe's big mouth, his biggest screen asset, is a total loss to an air audience. I predict that unless his radio technique is vastly improved, Brown will only last on the air for the usual 13 weeks.

* * *

Don Ameche, who lost the girl in "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and in "In Old Chicago" will race the Ritz Brothers for the affections of Pauline Moore, in "Three Musketeers" and will win her in the last reel of the picture. In the picture, Ameche will be wearing the 17th Century costume . . . so you may have trouble telling which is Miss Moore when they kiss—because Don will be wearing a picture hat.

* * *

They are spending nearly $20,000 a week on the Texaco show . . . so it should be good. However, my objection is that it offers nothing new to radio . . . and for $20,000, somebody should get an idea. It's almost laughable—that Reinhardt Radio Workshop. So far as I can learn, all Reinhardt does for the program is to say a few lines after Bill Bacher has directed and produced the play. David (*Continued on page* 70)

TIME OUT FOR

Seth Parker, right, recommends Nosey Shuffle-Board as played above, for an evening of fun.

WHEN Seth Parker and his Jonesport neighbors began their new radio season last fall, they had something more than just a broadcast to offer their listeners. They had an idea, as well—and a good one.

Why not have these Sunday night "get-togethers" all over the country? Why, Seth asked on the air, shouldn't the old folks and the young folks set aside Sunday evening as a time when all the members of a family, their friends and their sweethearts, could spend a little time together, get to know each other better, and incidentally have some fun?

Seth Parker listeners thought it was a good idea too, and began writing in to Phillips Lord, who plays Seth, asking him for suggestions on what to do at these get-togethers. So many such letters came in that Lord and the other members of the cast dug back into their memories of childhood evenings spent in Maine for old-time, forgotten games that would be just as much fun to play now as they ever were.

The games, together with party suggestions and plenty of Ma Parker recipes for good things to serve for refreshments, have been collected into a book which will soon be offered to Seth Parker's radio listeners; but in the meantime, RADIO MIRROR is happy to present this special "preview."

These games, culled from Seth's forthcoming book, aren't new ones. Many of you must have played them when you were children. But it's dollars to doughnuts that you've forgotten them, and—more important—forgotten how hilarious they used to be. The excitement and hilarity are still there, ready for you to use in entertaining a Sunday night or any night "get-together" of you and your friends.

Best of all, they're games that every member of the family, young or old, will enjoy. They're guaranteed to break down the stiffest case of dignity and thaw out the most frostily frozen face.

For instance, there's

Ma Parker's Bean Chopsticks Game

You all gather around a big table in the living room. In front of each person there's a little saucer with ten Navy beans in it, and two small round toothpicks. Without wetting the toothpicks, each contestant has to lift the tricky little beans out of the saucer *one at a time* and place them, without dropping them, on the table in front of him. The host or hostess gives the signal for starting. When any player has lifted five beans and placed them on the table, he shouts "Beans," and all the contestants stop. Each player is credited with the number of beans he has placed on the table, and the game is played over again. After ten trials the total score of each player is announced, and the winner gets a little prize of some kind.

When there are a number of young people in the party, here's a game that is sure to cause plenty of laughter. It's called the

Blind Banana Stuff

Blindfold a boy and a girl and give them each a peeled banana—soft, ripe ones make the game more interesting. Tell the couples to hold left hands and at a signal to start trying to feed the bananas to each

A GOOD TIME

For the hostess at her wits' end, Seth Parker has some games guaranteed to put new life into any kind of party

A Blind Banana Stuff will supply plenty of laughter for the spectators as well as the players.

other. It's a good idea, in this game, to give everybody special bibs made by cutting holes in the middle of pieces of newspaper and dropping the paper over the head of each contestant. The couple who succeed in eating both bananas first, of course, win.

Captain Bangs thought up one of the funniest party games, and called it

Nosey Shuffle-Board

Put a sheet of plain wrapping paper eight feet long down on the floor. Draw a line down the middle, dividing the paper lengthwise into two separate lanes. Two players are lined up at the end of the paper, one in each lane. Put a small marble in front of each. At the word "go" the players must push their marbles with their noses, as fast as they can toward the goal line eight feet away. If one pushes his marble into his opponent's lane, he is disqualified and the other fellow wins. After each person at the party has run one race, the winners of each heat are matched together and eliminated, tournament-fashion, for the championship.

A game that can be played all through the evening, without interfering with whatever other games you are playing, is

Yes or No

The object of this game is to trick the other people present into answering a question with "yes" or "no." Whenever this happens, the person who said "yes" or "no" loses a point to the person who tricked him into it. A good idea is to provide everybody with a supply of some sort of token—pennies, beans, kitchen matches, or similar small objects—which can be used for forfeits in this game. At the end of the evening whoever has the largest number of the tokens is declared the winner.

At some time during the evening, some of the girls are going to have to go into the kitchen and start the refreshments, so here's a game to keep the boys busy while they're gone. It's called the

Stitch-in-Time Game

At one end of the room put two tables, on each of which is a spool of thread and as many needles as there are players. Let the boys choose sides into two teams, and line the opposing teams up at the end of the room opposite the tables. At a signal from the starter the first member in each team must run to the table, pick up a needle and the spool, break off the thread, thread the needle, put it back on the table, run back to his team and tap the next man in line, who runs up and does the same thing. The team that gets all its needles threaded first wins.

* * *

These are just a few of the many games in Seth Parker's book. As you see, they're old games, which will very likely be brand new to many a member of the younger generation—but new or old, they're a lot of fun. Just try them, with Seth Parker's and RADIO MIRROR'S best wishes, and see!

This is NBC's new Hollywood home on Sunset Blvd. On these pages you see Edgar Bergen taking

Charlie McCarthy on a personally conducted tour . . . That's a control room they're so surprised at.

Fink photos

What's New from

TELEVISION is actually on its way at last!

If you live in New York or very near it, and have at least $150 to spend, the chances are that you'll be watching television pictures in your own home by late April. That's the substance of an announcement from the board of directors of the Radio Manufacturers' Association.

Several of the member manufacturers revealed that they are already at work making television receiving sets of several different types, which will probably sell for prices ranging from $150 to $1,000. A set which would bring in pictures measuring seven by nine inches, plus accompanying sound, will cost about $250, they said.

New York will have two mammoth transmitters operating on regular schedules by spring, according to plans now—NBC's transmitter atop the Empire State Building, and CBS' in the Chrysler Building tower.

If you live outside of New York, you may have to wait a while longer for your television programs, since plans aren't quite so far advanced elsewhere. Experimental studios are either on the air now or planned for the near future in Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany and Chicago, and if sets were available would probably go on the air regularly as soon as possible.

Anyhow—television is actually on its way at last.

* * *

The most pitiful person in New York the night Tommy Riggs' program had its first broadcast was Mr. Riggs himself. The broadcast over, sponsors and reporters gathered at a buffet supper to congratulate Tommy. The party went on until late in the evening. Which would have been very pleasant, except that it was Tommy's fifth wedding anniversary, and both he and Mrs. Riggs were straining hard at the leash to get away and find a little peace and quiet. Apparently it didn't occur to them to leave Betty Lou to entertain the folks.

The Silver Theater plays on Sunday afternoons will continue until early spring this year, instead of signing off, as they did last season, right after Christmas—for which the sponsors be thanked. There are so few good original dramatic shows on the air that we can't afford to let one of them go. And, incidentally, when is the Star Theater on Wednesday nights going to resume its much-ballyhooed policy of presenting nothing but original plays for its dramatic spots? There's been too much of a tendency to resurrect old Broadway plays on this otherwise sprightly program.

* * *

NEW YORK CITY—The newest voice to hit the air waves is that of Jimmy Powers, youngest sports editor in New York. He talks for fifteen minutes at 6:30 every night on station WMCA, which estimates proudly that he already has gathered a faithful flock of 50,000 listeners.

Jimmy came to New York from Enid, Oklahoma, but before getting

"I've had complaints about your squeaky voice lately, Charlie, so I guess I'll oil you up a bit," says Edgar.

Charlie's waiting to see if he'll get the jack pot. "B that's no slot machine," says Ed, "it's the electric switch

They discovered a supply of paint, so Edgar freshened up Charlie's mouth.

"My, oh my, what could be in here?" say Charlie and Edgar.

"Might as well be the first to get my name in NBC's courtyard," reckoned wise Charlie.

Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

here he worked in Oklahoma oil fields and Western farm fields, travelled with the Giants and Yankees to all sections of the country, and attended Marquette and Ohio State Universities. At Marquette he was an all-around athlete and letterman, playing football, basketball, golf and tennis, but specializing in track. He's still an all-around sportsman as far as reporting goes, covering them all, but admitting that he prefers baseball.

He's also pretty good at spelling, which he proved by winning one of Paul Wing's NBC Spelling Bees recently.

The famed Golden Gloves boxing tournaments are promoted by Jimmy as part of his newspaper work. He stages four big boxing meets a year in Madison Square Garden, and each show is a sell-out. He has also taken Golden Gloves teams abroad, and while in England spoke over the British Broadcasting System.

Jimmy's fall football guessing contest is the largest in the country—last year well over a million guessing-coupons came into his newspaper sports department.

He's married, and has a baby daughter named Patricia.

* * *

COLUMBIA, South Carolina—Were J. E. Mainer's Mountaineers embarrassed!

Mainer's Mountaineers, hillbilly singers who are one of the most popular local features on Columbia's WIS, decided to find out how many people really listened to them. So one day the Ol' Hired Hand, who does the talking for the Mountaineers, announced on both of their regular daytime broadcasts that he and the boys would give a special jamboree program that night—at which time they'd make a special offer to their listeners.

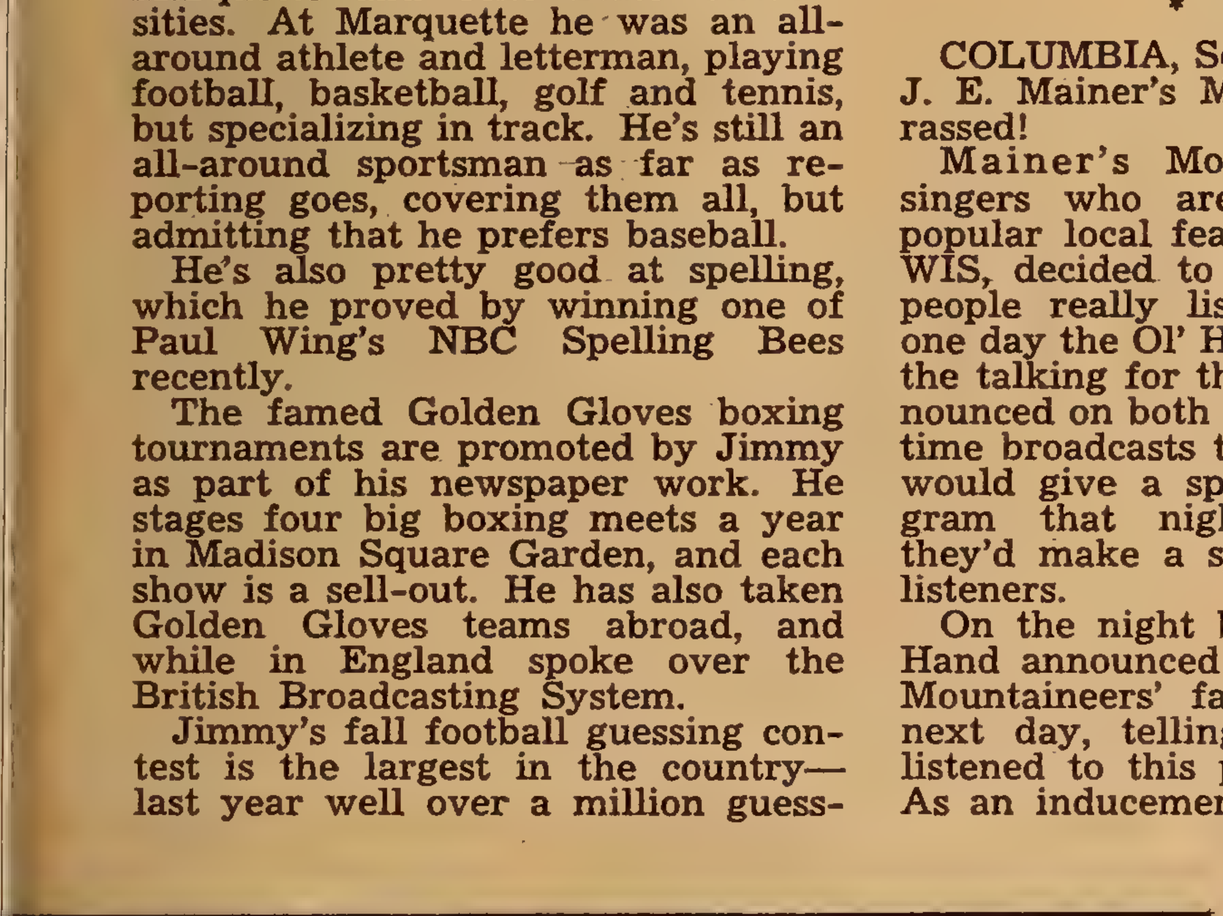
On the night broadcast, the Hired Hand announced that he wanted the Mountaineers' fans to write in the next day, telling them that they'd listened to this particular broadcast. As an inducement, he offered a free photograph of the group.

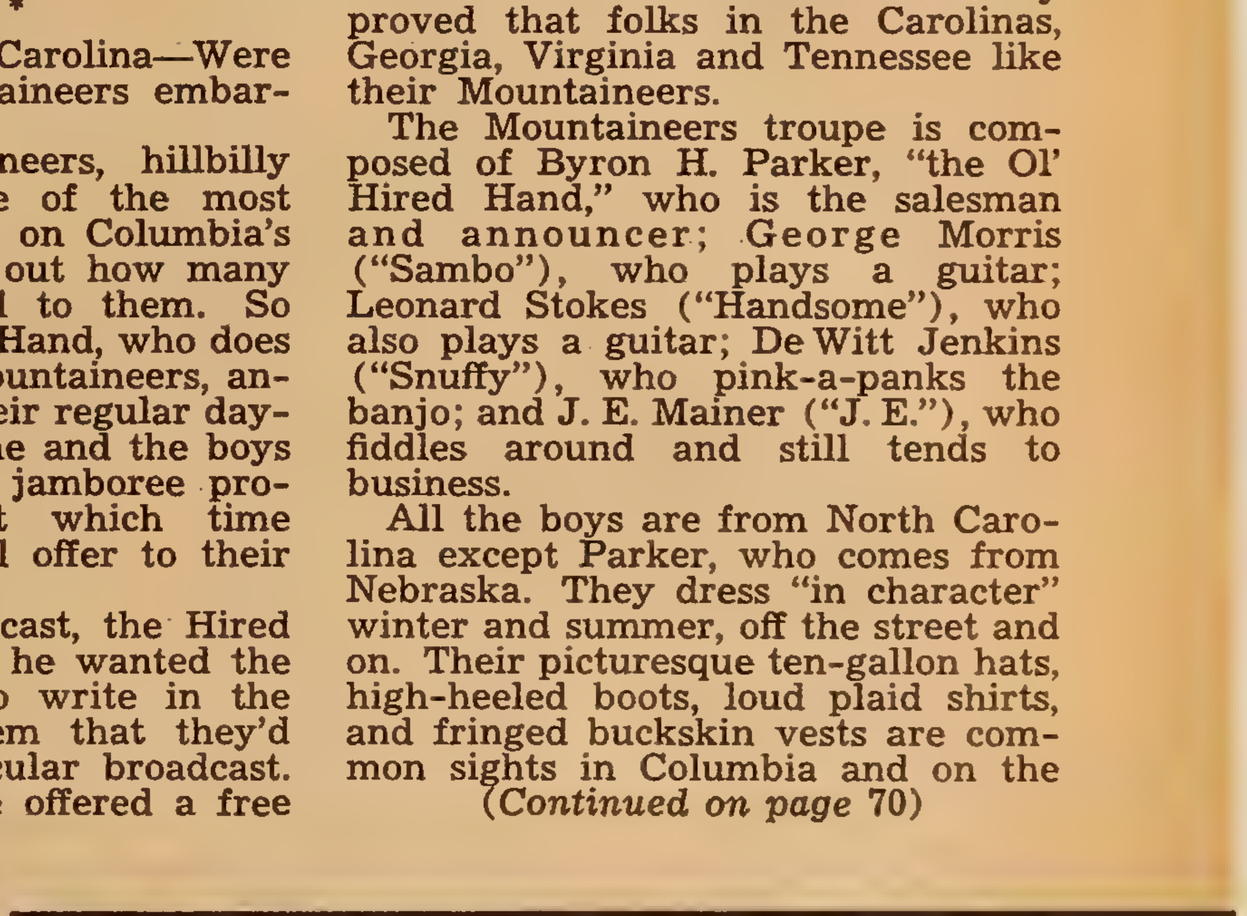
The station had expected about five hundred pieces of mail—but by the next night 11,421 requests for pictures had been received! Which certainly proved that folks in the Carolinas, Georgia, Virginia and Tennessee like their Mountaineers.

The Mountaineers troupe is composed of Byron H. Parker, "the Ol' Hired Hand," who is the salesman and announcer; George Morris ("Sambo"), who plays a guitar; Leonard Stokes ("Handsome"), who also plays a guitar; De Witt Jenkins ("Snuffy"), who pink-a-panks the banjo; and J. E. Mainer ("J. E."), who fiddles around and still tends to business.

All the boys are from North Carolina except Parker, who comes from Nebraska. They dress "in character" winter and summer, off the street and on. Their picturesque ten-gallon hats, high-heeled boots, loud plaid shirts, and fringed buckskin vests are common sights in Columbia and on the

(*Continued on page* 70)





FACING THE MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN

Watch Will Osborne now! His music's been patented.

"Old Man Mose" helped Patricia Norman rise to fame!

KAY KYSER may lose his soloist-siren, Ginny Sims, to either the movies or the musical comedy stage. Kay is encouraging Ginny to make a reputation away from the bandstand . . . Dick Rogers, Will Osborne's sensational scat singer, is wearing a pair of nifty cuff-links given to him by the Duke of Windsor . . . Dick appeared last summer in Europe with Jack Hylton's band and played before the ex-King and Hitler . . . Joan Edwards' uncle, Gus Edwards, who discovered so many famous stars, didn't discover his own niece. However, he's her Hollywood representative now and is trying to get her into pictures . . . The famous feud between Sammy Kaye and Kay Kyser hasn't affected either lad. They are both in New York hotels this season and both are luring plenty of cash customers . . . Penny Wise, new vocalist heard with Eddy Duchin on NBC, is really Doris Fisher, daughter of composer Fred Fisher. He wrote "Dardenella." Remember it?

OLD MAN MOSE

You know what "Mammy" did for Al Jolson, "Ida" for Eddie Leonard, "Bill" for Helen Morgan and "Stardust" for Bing Crosby. Well, another star has been born and she has to thank a two-year-old tune for her flight to glory. The song is "Old Man Mose." The singer is lovely Patricia Norman.

When she made a recording of the song with Eddy Duchin, after getting only two hours sleep, and discovered it was judged one of the best swing records of all time, no one was more surprised than the little girl from Texas.

The singer is now making personal appearances and has her eyes on a fat movie contract.

* * *

2,059,898

It's just another number to you, but to Will Osborne it might mean the difference between the success he so richly deserves or the unhappy future of being called the leader of the most under-rated band in America.

2,059,898 is the number granted to Will Osborne by the United States Patent Office for his slide, glide music—the only musical effect ever patented.

Will spent a small fortune and three years of worrying and waiting before the government approved his application on November 3, 1936.

The Toronto-born leader has started from scratch. He has left behind him the phoney feud with Rudy Vallee; all those whacky publicity stunts that only ended as a boomerang.

Today Will is concentrating on dance music. He is heard several times weekly over MBS and NBC, winning new friends every day.

Popular with the dancers, admired by other musicians, no one seems to know what is keeping Osborne back. He has no commercial program, and few fan clubs.

(*Continued on page* 63)

TRY ON YOUR LUCKY NAIL COLOR BEFORE YOU BUY

Lady Esther's New 7-Day Cream Polish

Created to cover your nails smoothly with *only 1 coat* instead of 2...makes nails gleam like sparkling gems

At last, a cream nail polish of *enduring loveliness* . . . a polish that goes on in one smooth coat...and *stays perfect* for as long as 7 days! But how is this possible? Because Lady Esther scientists created this new polish to resist cracking, chipping, peeling...to keep its lustrous finish days longer...to win alluring beauty and distinction for your hands.

But Lady Esther presents *more* than an amazing new nail polish. She brings you an *entirely new way to buy polish* ...a way that makes sure you will find the one lucky flattering color for your nails.

Try on before you buy!

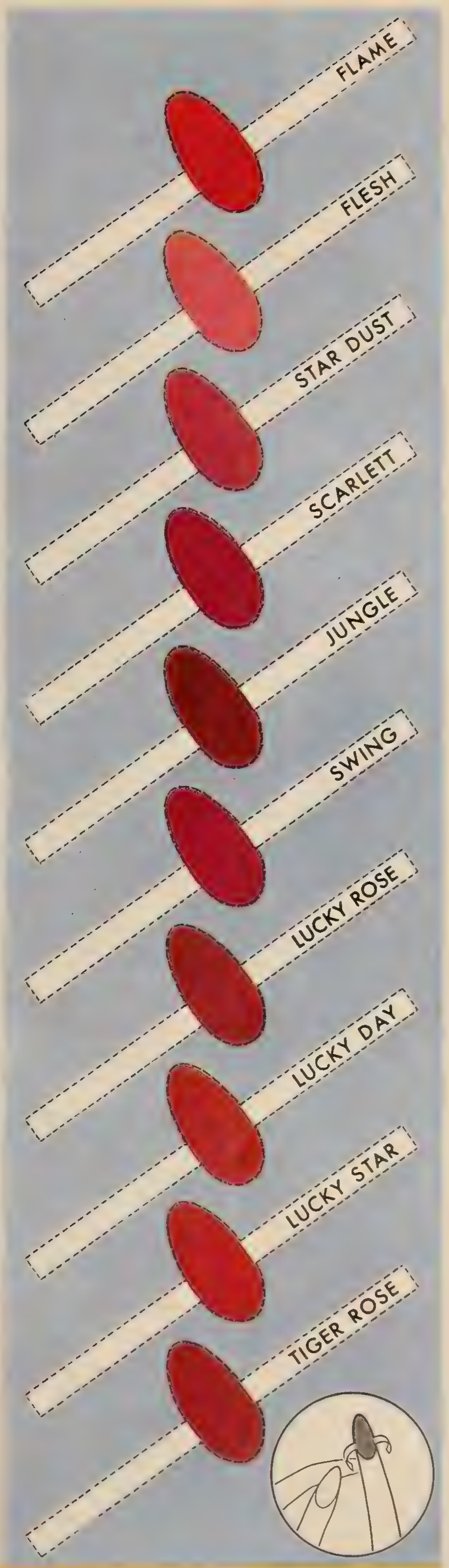
Haven't you often found it annoying when you try to select your nail color in the store? You pick up bottle after bottle, study color charts, ask the saleslgirl for advice. In the end you choose a color that you *hope* is right...but when you get home and try it on, the chances are it looks entirely different on your nails! Your money is wasted and your finger nails fail to sparkle the way you expected.

How to find your lucky color

But now—before you buy—you can find the one enchanting color that will give your nails and hands streamlined elegance, flatter them beyond belief, and harmonize irresistibly with your clothes. And how do you do this? You cut out the Lady Esther "Color Tips" at right—fit the colored part over your nail and use the white tabs to hold it in place. Women themselves voted this the easiest and best way to find their one lucky shade. It is the winning way perfected by Lady Esther to end guesswork and disappointment . . . to save polish, time and money!

You'll want to start right now—so try on these "Color Tips" at once and *don't stop* until you've found the one glorious color that's lucky for you! Then put the tab in your purse as a reminder to buy Lady Esther's 7-Day Nail Polish the first time you're shopping.

10¢



CUT OUT THESE LUCKY "COLOR TIPS" *and try them on your finger nail until you find your most flattering color. Cut on the dotted lines.*

IMPORTANT NOTICE—THESE "TIPS" SHOW COLOR ONLY—NOT GLOSS. *Prepare for still another thrill when you see how the real polish gleams with brilliance printing cannot equal.*

Copyright 1938, Lady Esther Ltd.

Try the *NEW* different

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Supercharged WITH LUSTER-FOAM ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

WOMEN'S CONSUMER JURY CRAZY ABOUT LUSTER-FOAM

With all brand names concealed, a large Women's Consumer Jury voted as follows: Against one leading brand, the NEW Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam was a two to one favorite. Against the next two, a decided favorite. Against a fourth, a very slight edge. The verdict of the men's consumer jury was essentially the same with the exception that the fourth paste reversed the women's results slightly. The comments above are typical.

New Listerine Tooth Paste with amazing Luster-Foam "Bubble Bath" cleanses teeth new, thrilling way . . . more penetrating . . . more thorough . . . millions choose it

You simply can't imagine how clean your teeth can be . . . how brilliantly they gleam . . . until you have used the New Listerine Tooth Paste, energized by Luster-Foam.

Luster-Foam detergent is an outstanding contribution to dental care . . . the energetic foe of decay. It is not a soap, yet has far more penetrating power than soap. It is not a powder, yet has powder's effectiveness.

A tooth paste especially created to thoroughly cleanse the countless tiny pits, cracks, and fissures on the teeth . . . the "blind spots" between the teeth and at the gum line so frequently neglected in the past. These are the areas to which dull film clings, where germs breed, fermenting acids form, and where many authorities estimate between 75% and 98% of all decay starts.

Into some of these areas, ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter. But Luster-Foam enters them . . . especially created to do that very job.

That lively, aromatic Luster-Foam "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch) starts performing a miracle the moment brush and saliva set it off.

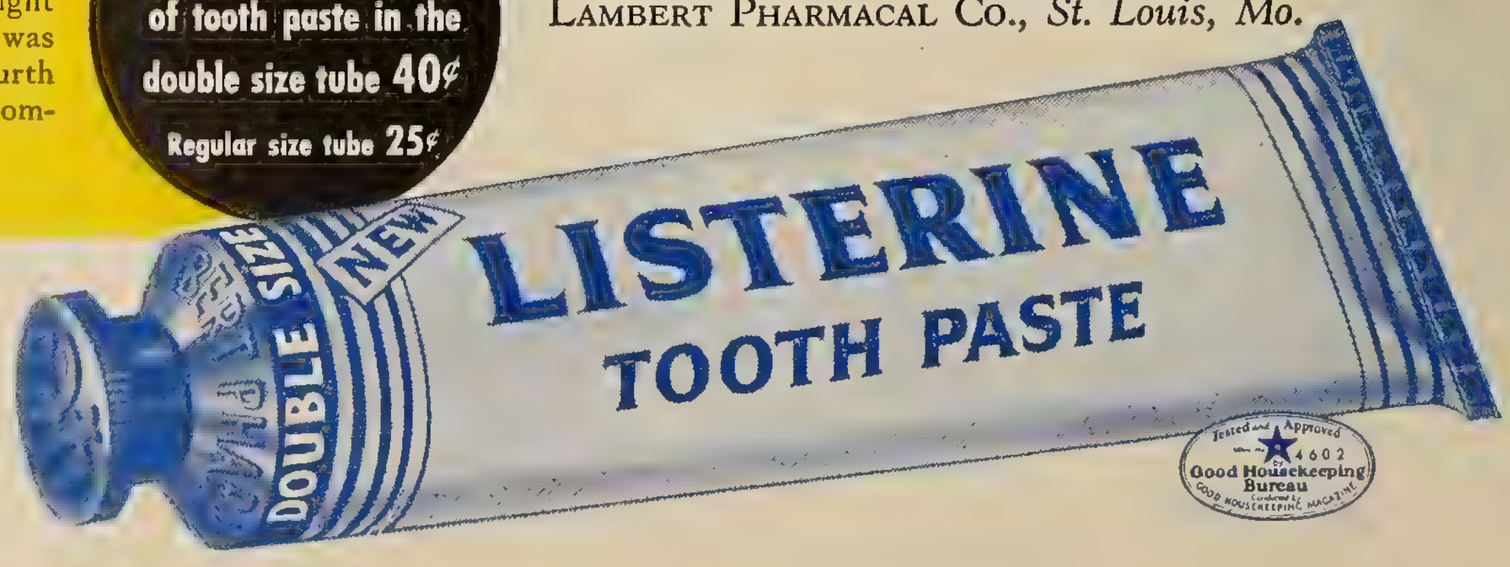
Dull film is whisked away. Food accumulations come off like magic. Dangerous decay acids are combated. Millions of decay germs are removed.

Get the new Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam detergent, right now! It will bring you a new conception of health and beauty. At all drug counters, in two sizes: Regular 25¢, and Big Double-Size containing more than ¼ lb. of toothpaste for 40¢—by all odds your best buy.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢
Regular size tube 25¢

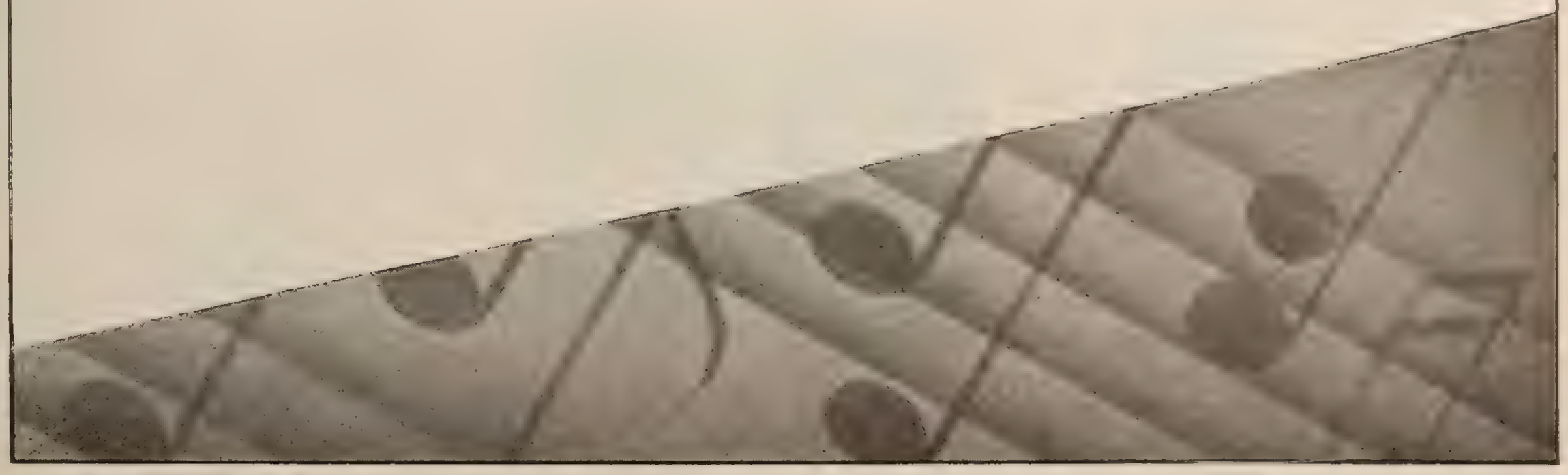
THE *NEW* FORMULA



RADIO MIRROR'S almanac

NOVEMBER 25 TO DECEMBER 26

A MERRIER CHRISTMAS WILL BE YOURS IF YOU USE THIS HANDY PROGRAM GUIDE AND DAY-BY-DAY CALENDAR OF ALL THE NETWORK BROADCASTS YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Animal News**
		9:00	CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
		9:00	NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
		9:00	NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Terriss**
	8:25	9:25	CBS: **Press Radio News**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Melody Moments**
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Chamber Music**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Charles Paul**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
8:05	10:05	11:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen, contralto**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Madrigal Singers**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Shakespeare's England**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **GREAT PLAYS**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Walter Logan**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Europe Calling**
1:30	12:30	1:30	MBS: **Lutheran Hour**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Benno Rabinoff**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Bob Becker**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Americans All**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Texas Rangers**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC**
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Smoke Dreams**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Second Guessers**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Himber Orchestra**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Ranger's Serenade**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Boredom by Budd**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Met. Opera Auditions**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**
	4:30	5:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
8:00	4:30	5:30	CBS: **BEN BERNIE**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **The Master Builder**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red- **Catholic Hour**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Billy House**
3:30	5:30	6:30	MBS: **Show of The Week**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **A Tale of Today**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **The Other Americas**
8:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Gulf Oil Program**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Seth Parker**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Orson Welles Theater**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Out of the West**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN, NELSON EDDY**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
6:30	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red- **Manhattan Merry-go-Round**
8:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **WALTER WINCHELL**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
8:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **ROBERT BENCHLEY**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **HORACE HEIDT**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Headlines and Bylines**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Col. Frederic Palmer**
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Dance orchestra**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: **Dance orchestra**

Motto of the Day

Sunday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Don Ameche

You can buy acquaintances with your money, but friends only with your heart.

Highlights For Sunday, Nov. 27

GUEST stars to please every taste are offered today by radio. . . . . On the *CBS New York Philharmonic Orchestra* broadcast at *3:00* this afternoon, *Zoltan Kurthy,* violinist, plays a number with the orchestra. Your *Almanac* never heard of Mr. Kurthy, but the Philharmonic isn't in the habit of hiring amateurs, so he ought to be well worth listening to. . . . Blonde and capable *Miss Ginger Rogers* is the star of today's *Silver Theater* play, on *CBS* at *6:00, E.S.T.* Ginger appears in one of those swell Silver Theater dramas, written especially for radio. . . . On the *Mutual network,* at *6:30,* the *Show of the Week* program has a guest-star orchestra—*Bunny Berigan's* swing crew. . . . *Elizabeth Rethberg,* famed operatic soprano, sings on the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour, CBS* at *9:00.* . . . Tonight's your last chance to listen to *John Nesbitt* and his *Passing Parade,* on *CBS* at *7:30*—that is, unless there's a sudden shift in the sponsor's plans. However, the sponsor isn't dropping radio — whatever happens. *Good Gulf* will have a new program on the air next Sunday at the same time. . . . *William Shakespeare's* tragedy, "Othello," is scheduled for presentation on *NBC-Blue* at *1:00.*

Ginger Rogers stars in a Silver Theater play, from 6:00 to 6:30 today on CBS.

Whirlwind Carole Lombard bandies wisecracks with Charlie McCarthy at 8 P.M.

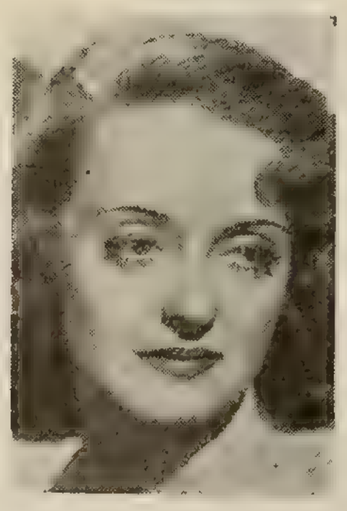
Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 4

WHILE *Clark Gable* is emoting as the guest star on tonight's *Silver Theater* play, his best girl-friend, *Carole Lombard,* will be brushing up on her lines in preparation for doing a stint on the *Chase and Sanborn* show. . . . *The Silver Theater,* of course, is at *6:00* on *CBS;* the *Chase and Sanborn* program two hours later on *NBC-Red.* . . . Carole's guest shot is the result of a hurried trip to Hollywood made by a New York advertising agency official for the express purpose of persuading her to sign on the dotted line for a regular weekly program. She couldn't be persuaded, but she did agree to a couple of guest appearances, and this is one. Carole works too hard in movies and values her scanty spare time too much to want to give any of it to radio. . . . *Ezio Pinza,* bass soloist, is guest on tonight's *Ford Hour, CBS,* at *9:00.* . . . And *Orlando Barera,* violinist, is on the Philharmonic Symphony concert, *CBS,* at *3:00.* . . . On *NBC-Blue* the *Great Plays* drama festival continues with "The Cid," by Corneille—at *1:00* in the afternoon, New York time. . . . The new *Good Gulf* program bows in on *CBS* tonight at *7:30,* so don't forget to listen.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec. 11

BETTE DAVIS is on the *Silver Theater* today. . . . *CBS* at *6:00* . . . starring in the first instalment of a two-part play. Since it was Bette who gave the season's most electrifying performance on the air in the opening *Texaco* show last October —remember her in "Alter Ego"? —she's a listener's *must* item today. . . . If you like string quartets, you'll be tuning in your nearest *NBC-Blue* station this afternoon between *6:00* and *7:00, E.S.T.,* to listen to the final concert in a series of Beethoven recitals given by the Kolisch Quartet. . . . The recital is sponsored by the *New Friends of Music,* and comes from Town Hall in New York. . . . *The New York Philharmonic Orchestra* turns from violinists to pianists for its guest star today, presenting *Eugene List* at *3:00* on *CBS.* . . . *Helen Jepson,* beautiful blonde soprano, sings on the *Ford* program, *CBS* at *9:00.* . . . *Marion Anderson,* colored contralto who has been praised by every critic who ever heard her, is the highlight of the *Magic Key* of *RCA* show on *NBC-Blue* at *2:00.* . . . On the same network, an hour earlier, the *Great Plays* series presents "Life Is a Dream," by Calderon, seldom heard by radio audiences.

Beautiful Helen Jepson sings on the Ford Symphony Hour tonight on CBS at 9.



Bette Davis stars in the second instalment of a two-part play on CBS at 6 o'clock.

Highlights For Sunday, Dec 18, 25

DECEMBER 18: Don't forget that *Bette Davis* stars in the second instalment of her two-part play on the *Silver Theater* tonight at *6:00* on *CBS.* . . . Piano music addicts are in for a full day of listening—*Hortense Monath,* pianist, is with the *Philharmonic Orchestra* at *3:00* on *CBS,* and *Myra Hess,* the greatest living woman pianist, is guest star on the *Ford Hour*—same network at *9:00.* . . . In the *Great Plays* department—*NBC-Blue* at *1:00*—is *Moliere's* "The Amateur Gentleman," which has kept people laughing for about two hundred years now. . . . *The Budapest Quartet,* at *6:00* on *NBC-Blue,* presents a program of the compositions by Bach and Haydn. . . . *The Americans All—Immigrants All* program on *CBS* at *2:00* deals today with Scandinavians in America.

December 25: You shouldn't have to be told that this is Christmas Day, and there will be a wealth of Yuletide features on the air. . . . One of the most impressive will be a concert by the *Sistine Chapel Choir,* coming to you by short wave from the Vatican in Rome. *NBC* will broadcast the concert, which will consist of compositions by two famous religious composers, Perosi and Palestrina.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Norsemen Quartet**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Band Goes to Town**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Allen Prescott**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Household Hannah**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30		NBC-Blue: **Madame Courageous**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Adventures in Reading**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Curtis Institute of Music**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Navy Band**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Terry and the Pirates**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Press-Radio News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Science in the News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Father and Son**
	8:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Alias Jimmy Valentine**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Emily Post**
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Monday Night Show**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Carson Robison**
7:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Pick and Pat**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Those We Love**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Eddy Duchin**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

Motto of the Day

Monday's HIGHLIGHTS

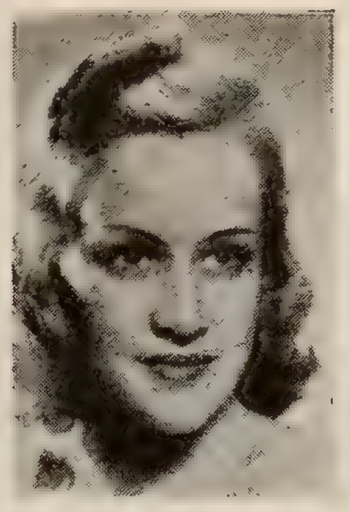
By Eddie Cantor

Aim at nothing—and that's exactly what you'll hit.

Highlights For Monday, Nov. 28

BARBARA WEEKS gets the honor of playing radio's first woman judge in a dramatic serial—at least, your *Almanac* can't remember any previous one. Barbara is "Her Honor, Nancy James" in the daily serial of the same name, on *CBS* at *12:15* every day except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . Incidentally, this serial is especially interesting because it's a good example of something that seems to be a trend these days in radio dramas—an interest in poor and underprivileged people. Nancy James devotes her life to helping those who live in the slum sections of a large city—but it's a safe bet that in the midst of all this Her Honor still finds time for some personal problems, too. . . . Barbara Weeks is from Binghamton, New York, and has been on different *CBS* programs for the last three years—which still leaves her a long way from breaking the record set by one of her ancestors, Mrs. Robert R. Jillson, who was an actress until she was eighty years old! . . . *NBC-Blue* today presents one of those broadcasts which your *Almanac* personally can't get much excited over—but maybe you will. It's a description of the opening day of the International Livestock Show, in Chicago—at *4 P.M., E.S.T.*

Barbara Weeks is the star of Her Honor, Nancy James, CBS serial today at 12:15.



Nancy James' secretary is nineteen-year-old Joan Banks. Listen in at 12:15.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 5

LAST week your *Almanac* told you about *Barbara Weeks,* who plays the title role in *Her Honor, Nancy James,* on *CBS* at *12:15*. . . . Today you ought to learn a little about *Joan Banks,* who plays Nancy's secretary, Ellen. . . . Joan is one of those rare creatures, a native New Yorker. . . . She celebrated her nineteenth birthday last October 30. . . . Her mother had done some stage work in stock companies before her marriage, but she objected to a stage career for her daughter . . . but when the little fair-haired girl showed enough talent in school to win a scholarship to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, not much could be done to stop her career. . . . Joan's first radio job was with *Walter O'Keefe*. . . . Later she was with *Colonel Stoopnagle,* and appeared on the summer-theater stage with *Lanny Ross* and *Walter Hampton*. . . . This is her first regular role in a radio serial. . . . Notice that the *Life Can Be Beautiful* serial has moved from *NBC* to *CBS* at *1:15,* while *Vic and Sade* have gone back to *NBC-Red* at *4:30*. . . . CBS also has a brand new serial, *This Day Is Ours,* at *1:45*. . . . *Peables Takes a Chance* is a new one on *NBC-Blue* at *1:30*.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 12

CLYDE LUCAS, whose orchestra plays a swingy sort of rhumba, goes into the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco tonight for an indefinite stay, and you'll want to listen to his sustaining dance program over *NBC*. . . . Clyde isn't one of the biggest of big-name bands, but his music is a favorite of the society crowd. . . . Another of *NBC's* features for the day is the opening of the American Farm Bureau Federation convention in New Orleans—of special interest to all the listeners who don't live in cities. The convention lasts until December 19, and *NBC* will have other broadcasts from it every now and then. . . . There's a whole hour of music in the modern style available these Monday nights, early in the evening—*Eddy Duchin* on *NBC-Red* at *9:30,* and *Guy Lombardo* on *CBS* at *10:00*—and by the time Lombardo is done the sustaining dance programs will be tuning up for your ears. . . . Among the regulars you won't want to miss are *Lum and Abner* on *CBS* at *7:15*. . . . *Eddie Cantor* on the same network at *7:30*. . . . *Al Pearce* on *NBC-Red* at *8:00* . . . and on *NBC-Red* at *9:00, Phil Spitalny's* swell all-girl orchestra, with Dorothy Thompson adding her comments on world affairs.

Clyde Lucas takes his band into the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco.

Ruth Lyon sings today on the Words and Music program—NBC-Red at 1:30, E.S.T.

Highlights For Monday, Dec. 19, 26

DECEMBER 19: A pleasant sort of program that you're bound to enjoy is *Words and Music,* on *NBC-Red* today and Thursday at *1:30*. . . . It stars *Ruth Lyon,* soprano, *Edward Davies,* baritone, *Larry Larsen,* organist, and *Harvey Hays,* narrator. . . . Ruth Lyon was born in Pontiac, Illinois, and intended to be a teacher when she graduated from college . . . she'd taught only a little while when *Wayne King* offered her a singing job, and teaching was forgotten. . . . In 1932 she made her operatic debut, singing the title role of "Lakme" in English with the Chicago Opera Company. . . . In radio, she landed a contract following her first audition. . . . She's pretty and vivacious . . . likes spinach better than candy . . . has brown hair and eyes. . . . Birthday greetings are in order today for bandleader *Ray Noble,* of the *Burns and Allen* show. . . .

December 26: Christmas Day is over, but by a great stroke of luck today's a holiday, too . . . so you can simply take it easy, listen to the radio, and rest up from yesterday's excitement. . . . You can spend a little time wondering what you're going to do New Year's Eve, too—that's always a major problem this time of year.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-Tete**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press-Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Band Goes to Town**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
		12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Dr. Joseph Maddy Band**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Fed. Women's Clubs**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Junior Science Program**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of all Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Story of the Song**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: **U. S. Army Band**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Concert Hall**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **Highways to Health**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: **Of Men and Books**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Music for Fun**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Terry and the Pirates**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Press-Radio News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Angler and Hunter**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Barry Wood**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Father and Son**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
7:30	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Quite by Accident**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **EDWARD G. ROBINSON**
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Al Jolson**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **For Men Only**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **We, The People**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary and Bob**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Benny Goodman**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Jamboree**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **McGEE AND COMPANY**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dr. Christian**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **BOB HOPE**
7:45	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**

Motto of the Day

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Benay Venuta

A lazy person never knows the luxury of leisure.

Highlights For Tuesday, Nov. 29

A SINGER you may not have heard before is *Barry Wood,* who has his own program on *CBS* this evening at *6:45*. . . . Listen in, and the chances are you'll like him . . . Barry's real name is *Louis Rapp,* and his brother is *Barney Rapp,* the bandleader. . . . He went to Yale University for pre-medical studies, but when he graduated in 1930 unforeseen contingencies forced him to look for work instead of continuing his medical studies. . . . He joined *Buddy Rogers'* orchestra as vocalist and instrumentalist—ever since his childhood he'd had a natural singing and playing talent—and the next four years found him with the *Paul Ash, Vincent Lopez,* and *Abe Lyman* orchestras. . . . Barry's six feet one inch tall, has brown hair and gray eyes, and prefers country life to city life because he likes to swim, fish, golf and cook outdoors. . . . In college he was a star member of the Yale swimming and water polo teams—served as captain of the water polo quartet and was chosen All-American in this sport for three years. . . . Your *Almanac's* personal recommendation for a swell comedy program: *Bob Hope* and company, on *NBC-Red* at *10:00*. . . . Except that *Skinny Ennis'* band-leading is better than his singing.

Barry Wood, baritone, and water polo champ, has his own program over CBS at 6:45.

Eloise Kummer plays villainess Marcia Mannering on the Backstage Wife show.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 6

YOUR *Almanac's* hand-picked recommendations for Tuesday listening: *The Radio Rubes* at *8:45* on *NBC-Red* . . . they're hill-billies, but hill-billies with a difference, and you'll like them. . . . *Pretty Kitty Kelly,* on *CBS* at *10:00* . . . it's one of the long-run serial programs, and if you haven't discovered it yet, you should. . . . *Smilin' Ed McConnell,* on *NBC-Blue* at *10:30* . . . one of radio's standbys is back with a heart-warming program of words and music. . . . *Big Sister,* on *CBS* at *11:30* . . . one of radio's most gripping serials . . . and if you want to catch up on the story, start the fictionization which begins in this issue of *Radio Mirror*. . . . *Kate Smith Speaks,* on *CBS* at noon. . . . Kate not only speaks, but she writes too, and you ought to read her autobiography, "Living in a Great Big Way" . . . she still excels in the singing department, too . . . *Backstage Wife,* on *NBC-Red* at *4:00* . . . a serial that always keeps you coming back for more. . . . The role of *Marcia Mannering,* the villainess, is played by de-luscious *Eloise Kummer,* whose picture is at the left—and who wouldn't enjoy having a villainess like that around the house? . . . *Benny Goodman* on *CBS* at *9:30*. . . .

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 13

URGENT note to the Landt Trio: What's become of you? You used to be on *NBC-Red* at *8:45* in the morning, and very pleasant to listen to. . . . But now all of a sudden you're absent from the air waves, and your *Almanac* wants you back. How about the other listeners? . . . Gene Krupa ends his season at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles tonight, and you can tune in his final broadcast from there on *Mutual*. . . . Your *Almanac* never ceases marveling at the activity of some of these radio actors and actresses. Take *Janet Logan,* for instance, who is on the air twice today and also plays the role of Kay Houston in Sunday's serial show, *A Tale of Today.* Janet is Stella Moore in *Girl Alone,* on *NBC-Red* at *4:45;* and in *Kitty Keene, Inc.,* which is heard on a mid-western network, she's Jill Williams. . . . Janet's unmarried, lives with her parents and brother in a six-room bungalow in Beverly Hills, exclusive suburb of Chicago's South Side. . . . If you live in New York or Chicago, listen to *Quite By Accident,* on *WEAF* and *WMAQ* at *7:30, E.S.T.* Each show is a dramatized short story, and you'll find it exciting, informative, and lots of fun to hear.

Busy Janet Logan appears on two network serial shows today, and one on Sundays.

Howie Wing's girl friend, Donna Cavendish, is played by newcomer Mary Parker.

Highlights For Tuesday, Dec. 20.

MEET *Mary Parker,* who plays the part of Donna Cavendish in the *Howie Wing* serial, *CBS* at *6:15*. . . . Mary has been in radio only since last year, but you've heard her in such programs as *Easy Aces,* in which she played the comic role of Mrs. Marsh, and in the *March of Time*. . . . Incidentally, your *Almanac* just remembered to tell you that your youngsters can belong to the *Howie Wing Junior Air Corps* if they're sufficiently air-minded. . . . There is plenty of education on the radio this winter—the *Mutual System's School of the Air* at *10:00,* and *CBS' American School of the Air* at *2:30,* both of them on every day of the week except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . Don't miss *Mary and Bob* tonight on *NBC-Blue* at *9:00*. . . . Mary and Bob are sponsored by True Story Magazine, and the stories they tell are taken right out of the pages of the magazine. . . . Did you know that Macfadden Publications, which brings you not only Radio Mirror, but True Story, Physical Culture, and eight other magazines, is celebrating its fortieth anniversary this year? A big publishing house now, serving sixteen million readers, it began quietly forty years ago with Physical Culture.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Four Showmen**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-Tete**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press-Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Band Goes to Town**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Allen Prescott**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30		NBC-Blue: **Madame Courageous**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Blue: **Judy and Lanny**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Your Health**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Indianapolis Symphony**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS: **Concert Hall**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **March of Games**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
		5:15	NBC-Blue: **Terry and the Pirates**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Press-Radio News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Our American Schools**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Music Is My Hobby**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Father and Son**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
8:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Edwin C. Hill**
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Ask-it-Basket**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Revelers**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **GANG BUSTERS**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Roy Shield Revue**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby**
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Everybody's Music**
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Wings for the Martins**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S CLASS**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Edgar A. Guest**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **NBC Minstrel Show**

Motto of the Day

Wednesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Joan Edwards

Sincerity is a coin that always rings true.

Highlights For Wednesday, Nov. 30

THE *Let's Talk It Over* program—in your *Almanac's* opinion one of the best shows for women on the air—has changed its time to *1:15* this afternoon, on the *NBC-Red* network. . . . Today's mistress of ceremonies is *June Hynd*, and as usual she'll have a fascinating guest star to interview. . . . At *4:15* on *CBS* there's some good music in *Columbia's Concert Hall*. . . . Listen to *Your Health* on *NBC-Blue* at *2:00*, and get some pointers on how to take care of yourself and your family. . . . Is music your hobby? It's the hobby of today's guest star on *NBC-Red* at *6:30* in the show which presents famous people who are excellent amateur musicians. . . . *Bob Trout*, *Lowell Thomas*, and *Edwin C. Hill* are all on the air tonight, commenting in their informal and entertaining fashion on the day's news. Trout's on *CBS* at *6:30*—Thomas on *NBC-Blue* at *6:45*—Hill on *NBC-Red* at *7:15*. . . . Between the three of them they can give you a complete and painless course in current history. . . . Another hobby show comes along at *8:30* on *NBC-Blue*—*Dave Elman's Hobby Lobby*, which was hardly off the air after a summer of pinch-hitting for Jack Benny before another sponsor grabbed it.

June Hynd directs Let's Talk It Over for women listeners today at 1:15 on NBC.

William Janney plays the title role in Howie Wing, on CBS at 6:15 this afternoon.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 7

WHEN you listen to the *Howie Wing* serial, on *CBS* late this afternoon at *6:15*, you're hearing a young man who in his short career has become a show-business veteran. His name is *William Janney*, and he plays the title role. Barely thirty, he has appeared in a total of seventy-five movies and has been starred on the stage, but this is his first venture into radio. . . . His hardest stage role was playing with *Will Rogers* in the Pacific Coast production of *"Ah, Wilderness!"* Will used to love to improvise speeches, and Janney had to learn never to speak his next line until he was sure the audience had stopped laughing. . . . At the end of the run, Will gave Janney a copy of the play, autographed "To William Janney, the finest son a man could have, off-stage or on." . . . Janney's ambition for years has been to take flying lessons, but he never got around to doing so until a month ago—when he was playing the leading role in this serial which is all about aviation. . . . He's unmarried, is the son of Russell Janney, veteran stage producer. . . . A symphony orchestra that seldom hits the air-waves can be heard this afternoon at *3:00* on *CBS*. It's the Indianapolis Symphony, directed by Fabian Levitzky.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 14

WONDER if *Max Reinhardt* is still directing the dramatic section of the *Texaco Star Theater* on *CBS* tonight at *9:30?* According to plans when your *Almanac* went to press, he was supposed to go to New York to direct a stage play—all of which makes one wonder just how much he ever had to do with directing the air shows in the first place. . . . But whoever directs them manages to get some very fancy and effective sound effects, it must be admitted. . . . There's another Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra concert on *CBS* this afternoon from *3:00* to *4:00*. . . . *Kay Kyser's* entertaining musical quiz is on *NBC-Red* at *10:00* Little *Ginny Simms*, Kay's girl vocalist, may not be with him much longer. She's had offers to go into the movies, and while Kay hates to lose her he's determined not to stand in her way. . . . If you aren't an expert on popular music, a quiz program more to your taste might be the *Ask-it-Basket*, conducted by *Jim McWilliams* on *CBS* at *7:30*. Jim asks questions of general knowledge, and also concentrates on questions about a single subject each week. . . . Incidentally, try your skill on Radio Mirror's own quiz, which appears on page 30 of this issue.

Wonder if Max Reinhardt is still directing the plays on the Star Theater?

Ned—a bright spark in the Star Theater program, broadcast on CBS this evening.

Highlights For Wednesday, Dec. 21

ONLY four more shopping days until Christmas! But of course if you're really smart you've already done all your shopping and mailing, and only have to sit back and tie up parcels nicely in tissue paper and bright ribbons, while you listen to the radio. . . . Today is Andre Kostelanetz's birthday. . . . He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1901. . . . More and more it strikes your *Almanac* that Ned Sparks is one of the brightest spots in the *Texaco Star Theater*, on *CBS* at *9:30*. . . . His voice coming over the air is like a bad case of dyspepsia, and maybe that's the reason it's so funny. . . . In Hollywood there's a legend that back in 1926, at a moment when Sparks believed himself to be alone, somebody saw a smile on his face. . . . Sparks claims it isn't true, though. . . . He was a divinity student in Toronto when the Alaskan gold rush began and turned his mind away from the ministry. He went to Dawson, where he made a living and a reputation as the first "dress-suit" singer in that wild and woolly town. . . . The gold rush petered out and Sparks travelled up and down the Pacific coast earning a very poor living as a singer. Then he got a part in a play and made an overnight hit.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Kampus Kids**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press-Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Band Goes to Town**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Mystery Chef**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
2:30	4:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
10:45	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
		12:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Laura Suarez**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Three Romeos**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Ideas That Come True**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **SCHOOL OF THE AIR**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Howard Barlow**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Let's Pretend**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **The Four of Us**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Press Radio News**
5:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Rhythm School**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Nola Day**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
5:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Joe Penner**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Interesting Neighbors**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Columbia Workshop**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Americans at Work**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **People I Have Known**

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Sammy Kaye

The best teacher is the one who is always learning.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 1

IF you didn't get around to it last week, be sure to tune in the *Kraft Music Hall* tonight at *10:00* on *NBC-Red* and welcome *Bob Burns* back home. Last week was his first broadcast after a month's vacation during which he and the missis went to Havana. He deserved the vacation, too, after the swell job of running the show he did while *Bing Crosby* was away. . . . A new show is on *NBC-Blue* at *2:00*—called *Ideas That Come True;* it deals with the important subject of social science. It hadn't gone on the air when your *Almanac* went to press, so it can't be told whether it's good or not—but it sounds as if it ought to be. Give a listen and find out. . . . *Kate Smith's* commentating program this noon on *CBS* has a special guest star and comes to you direct from the stage where Kate is busy rehearsing for tonight's variety show. Probably no other star has such a crowded Thursday as the Songbird of the South. . . . The Columbia Workshop, on *CBS* at *10:00,* is doing some mighty swell plays these Thursday evenings . . . and the *America's Town Meeting of the Air* forums, *NBC-Blue* from *9:30* to *10:30,* maintain their high standard of interest and even excitement.

Bob Burns is back on the Kraft Music Hall with Bing Crosby tonight at 10.

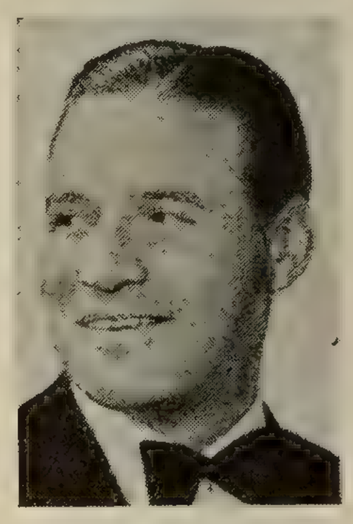
Gay Seabrook plays Joe Penner's sweetheart-stooge, Susabella, CBS at 7:30.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 8

PERKY *Gay Seabrook* plays *Joe Penner's* sweetheart-stooge, *Susabella,* when young America's beloved comedian goes on the air tonight, *CBS* at *7:30.* . . . Gay is one of the West Coast's favorite stage actresses, and was a member of the old *Henry Duffy* players, who made theatrical history out around the Golden Gate back in the 1920's. . . . The clever casting of her piping voice opposite the throaty croak of Joe Penner deserves a medal of some sort. . . . *Paul Kain* and his orchestra start an engagement at Wordmain Park in Washington, D. C., tonight, broadcasting for your pleasure and convenience over the *Mutual* network. . . . Also for your pleasure and convenience *Major Bowes* has gathered together another crop of amateurs to put on the *CBS* air at *9:00.* . . . The *Easy Aces* and *Amos 'n' Andy* are engaging in another pair of entertaining discussions at *7:00* —the Aces on *NBC-Blue* and the gentlemen of color on *NBC-Red.* Swingsters won't want to miss the *Rhythm School* on *NBC-Blue* at *6:30.* . . . At *8:00* on *NBC-Blue* *Jerry Belcher* interviews a batch of *Interesting Neighbors*—and it's really remarkable how frequently Jerry's neighbors live up to the description of "interesting".

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 15

HORACE *HEIDT* and his *Brigadiers,* who have been traveling over the country, leaving a trail of broken records—attendance and box-office, not phonograph—in their wake, open tonight at the Biltmore Hotel, in New York City. It'll be one of New York's fanciest dance-band openings, so be sure to listen in as part of the proceedings are broadcast over *NBC.* . . . Incidentally, the Heidt sponsored half-hours on Sunday nights are even better than they used to be, musically—although your *Almanac* thinks everybody would be just as happy if those guest stars who never do anything were eliminated. . . . *The Road of Life,* on *NBC-Red* at *11:45,* comes to you from Chicago now, which explains a difference you may have noticed in the voices of the characters. The cast which played the serial while it was broadcast from New York was almost entirely changed to Chicago actors when it moved. . . . Good poems, well read aloud, are what you'll hear when you tune in *Ted Malone* at *3:45* this afternoon on *NBC-Blue.* One of radio's deep-dyed mysteries is why Ted, who never lacks for a large and very loyal audience, is not more often working for a sponsor.



Horace Heidt's band moves into the Biltmore Hotel tonight, to stay all winter.

Doris Rhodes, young CBS singer, has her own program this afternoon at 5:30.

Highlights For Thursday, Dec. 22

ONE of radio's best-loved annual events will be on the air this afternoon at *5:00,* when the *Let's Pretend* program on *CBS* presents *"The House of the World"* for the sixth time. . . . It's a Christmas play by Nila Mack, who directs the children in the *Let's Pretend* program, and was put on the air for the first time in 1932. Except in 1933, it has been played every Christmas time since, and is something to look forward to. . . . Maybe you don't listen to children's programs as a rule, but take it from your *Almanac, "The House of the World"* is something you'll enjoy whether you're eight or eighty. . . . Right after *Let's Pretend,* leave the radio tuned to the same station and listen to *Doris Rhodes,* entertaining young *CBS* singer. . . . Doris is a Spokane, Washington, girl, but moved to Florida when she was fifteen. The family was living there when the 1926 hurricane hit, and the Rhodes home was blown off its foundations, but no one was hurt. Later, in Michigan, the house where she lived was burned to the ground. . . . In Kansas, where the family moved next, Doris saw her first cyclone. And in 1934 she and her family were in the exact center of the severe earthquake disturbance of that year.

(For Friday's highlights, please turn page)

PUT THE BEE ON YOUR SPELLING

ARE you a champion speller?—or do you just wish you were? In either case, here's a list of words that will give you some uneasy moments before you get the correct spelling. They're supplied by Paul Wing, Master of the NBC Spelling Bee, broadcast every Sunday afternoon at 5:30 E.S.T., and sponsored by the makers of Energine.

Only one of the three suggested spellings is the right one. Mark the words you think are correct, then turn to page 60 for the answers.

1. **Midrift—midriff—midrif** (noun). The diaphragm (of the body).
2. **Villainy—villiany—villany** (noun). The quality or state of being evil; extreme depravity or wickedness.
3. **Phaiton—phaeton—faeton** (noun). An open automobile body with two cross seats.
4. **Try-square—trisquare—try square** (noun). A drafting instrument used for laying off right angles and testing whether the work is square.
5. **Excommunicate — excomunicate — excomunnicate** (verb). To cut off, or shut out, from communion with the church, by an ecclesiastical sentence.
6. **Omnibusses — omnibuses — omnebusses** (noun). Heavy public vehicles, designed to carry a comparatively large number of passengers.
7. **Facinated—fassinated—fascinated** (adj.) Captivated; charmed.
8. **Chastisement — chastizement — chastisment** (noun). Disciplinary punishment.
9. **Flacsid — flacksid — flaccid** (adj.). Yielding to pressure for want of firmness and stiffness; flabby.
10. **Panarama — pannorama — panorama** (noun). An unobstructed or complete view of a region in every direction.
11. **Comaraderie—comaradery—camaraderie** (noun) Comradeship; loyalty to, or partiality for, one's comrades.
12. **Sassafras — sasafrass — sasafras** (noun). A small aromatic tree of the laurel family.
13. **Knicknacks — nicnacs — knicknacks** (noun). Small trivial articles, as of furniture, etc., intended rather for ornament than for use.
14. **Farcical—farsical—farsicle** (adj.) Ludicrous; unnatural; unreal.
15. **Chillblanes — chilblains — chillblains** (noun). Sores produced by exposure of the feet or hands to cold.
16. **Ingrane — ingraine — ingrain** (noun). A type of carpeting.
17. **Parricide — paracide — parracide** (noun). One who murders a person to whom he stands in a sacred relation, as a father or mother; or the act or crime of paracide.
18. **Beleagerment—beleaguerment—beleguerment** (noun). A blockade; a siege.
19. **Cantankerous—cantankerus—kantankerous** (adj.) Exhibiting ill-nature; contentious.
20. **Coloquialisms — colloquialisms — coloquilisms** (noun). Phrases or pronunciations of words acceptable in ordinary conversational context, but not in formal written discourse.

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢ at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Four**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press-Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **Band Goes to Town**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Family Man**
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Smile Parade**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Happy Jack**
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Allen Prescott**
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	9:00	10:00	MBS: **School of the Air**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Mrs. Wiggs**
1:15	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	9:30		NBC-Blue: **Madame Courageous**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: **Ma Perkins**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
11:00	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		11:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	10:45	11:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Dan Harding's Wife**
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Instrumental Ensemble**
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk It Over**
	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
	12:45	1:45	CBS: **This Day Is Ours**
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Blue: **Alice Cornett**
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **Irene Beasley**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **MUSIC APPRECIATION**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **School of the Air**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
11:45	1:45	2:45	MBS: **Ed Fitzgerald**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Swingtime Trio**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS: **Chamber Orchestra**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **March of Games**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Affairs of Anthony**
		5:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Men Behind the Stars**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: **Adrian Rollini Orch.**
	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
	5:00	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
	5:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
		5:45	CBS: **The Mighty Show**
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: **Tom Mix**
		5:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **George R. Holmes**
10:00	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		6:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Father and Son**
7:00	9:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Amos 'n' Andy**
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
7:45	6:15	7:15	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**
9:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Jack Haley**
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **The Revelers**
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
	7:00	8:00	MBS: **What's My Name**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Warden Lawes**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Cal Tinney**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Paul Martin Orch.**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **March of Time (off Dec. 2)**
9:00	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Felix Knight**
7:45	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Uncle Ezra**

Motto of the Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Sophie Tucker

Don't be late for any date—it might be a date with Opportunity.

Highlights For Friday, Nov. 25

THAT popular *Hal Kemp* starts a series of six nightly broadcasts over the *Mutual System* tonight, playing in the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms in Chicago. Tonight's comes from the Aragon, tomorrow night's from the Trianon, and so on, alternating. . . . Your *Almanac* can't predict whether *Judy Starr* or *Maxine Gray* will be his girl soloist. Judy is in the hospital, recovering from an operation, as this is written, but maybe she'll be well enough to go back to work by the time Hal and the band open at the Aragon. . . . Maxine too is ill, and will give up her singing job as soon as Judy is ready to relieve her. . . . Attention, fight fans! The weekly prizefight in Madison Square Garden will be on your *NBC* station tonight. . . . Happy birthday to *Kate McComb* of *The O'Neills* cast. . . . Kate was born in Sacramento, California, fifty-seven years ago today. . . . Your *Almanac* recommends a couple of young singers for you to listen to and enjoy today. . . . *Alice Cornett,* who used to be on the late *Song Shop* program, has her own sustaining program at *1:45* on *NBC-Blue* . . . and *Felix Knight* is on the same network at *10:30* tonight, also starring in his own sustaining program.

Hal Kemp and his band move into the Aragon Ballroom for six nightly programs.

Once a Reinhardt discovery, Helen Lewis is now one of radio's dramatic starlets.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 2

TONIGHT is your last chance to listen to the *March of Time,* on *NBC-Blue* at *9:30,* unless a new sponsor comes along and saves it—as has happened quite frequently in the past. . . . But if the program does go off the air after tonight, there's one of its regular actresses who won't be out of a job. . . . She's Helen Lewis, radio newcomer who is also kept busy playing Sally the trapeze artist in *The Mighty Show,* at *5:45* on *CBS,* and in *Aunt Jenny's Stories,* at *11:45 A.M.* on the same network. . . . Helen studied at the University of Nevada with the notion that she was going to be one of the few women in the engineering profession, but Max Reinhardt, visiting Reno, happened to see her playing the leading role in one of the college dramatic shows. He offered her a job in the touring company of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Helen forgot about engineering then and there. . . . After the "Dream" tour ended she returned to Reno and worked for a while with the Reno Little Theater, before coming to New York and breaking into radio. . . . She often appears in the *Mercury Theater* broadcasts. . . . Let your *Almanac* once more put in a good word for *Milt Herth's* trio at *8:00* A. M. on *NBC-Red.*

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 9

HAVE you been listening to *Sophie Tucker,* singing on her own program every Monday, Wednesday and Friday over *CBS* at *6:45?* If you haven't, you should, because the grand old lady of red-hot singing knew all about swing when the people who make so much noise over it today were in their swaddling clothes. . . . Sophie was born at sea when her parents fled from a pogrom in Odessa. They came to America and started a restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut. . . . Sophie was waiting on table there when *Willie* and *Eugene Howard* came to town, and, just for a joke, told her she ought to go on the stage. She took them seriously—and they turned out to be right! . . . Her first real job was coon-shouting at *Tony Pastor's*—playing in blackface because some manager told her she ought to cover up her homely mug. . . . An accident released her from the burnt-cork—on a vaudeville tour she lost her luggage and had to go on the stage without makeup. The audience seemed to like her just as well, so she never put it on again. . . . Today she's as well loved in England as she is in America—she never appears in London to anything but sold-out houses. . . . She never gets out of her bed before noon.

Sophie Tucker, last of the Red Hot Mammas, sings on CBS tonight at 6:45.

Duane Thompson is the "telephone girl" whose voice launches Hollywood Hotel.

Highlights For Friday, Dec. 16, 23

DECEMBER 16: There's a fight on the air tonight for the sports fans — the heavyweight battle between Tommy Farr and Lou Nova, being broadcast from Madison Square Garden on *NBC's Blue* network. . . . But that shouldn't deafen you to such sterling Friday-night standbys as the *First Nighter* on *CBS* at *8:00* or *Warden Lawes'* dramatization of a crime story on the *NBC-Blue* network at the same time . . . or *Burns* and *Allen* on *CBS* at *8:30,* with some of their inspired nonsense . . . or *Hollywood Hotel* on *CBS* at *9:00.* . . . Speaking of Hollywood Hotel, as your *Almanac* went to press there were rumors that a cast-shuffling process was imminent on this show. . . . Here's hoping it hasn't happened.

December 23: Still on the subject of Hollywood Hotel, you'll be interested in *Duane Thompson,* the "telephone operator" whose voice has launched every Hotel program since the show began four years ago. . . . Duane was born in Red Oak, Iowa, but was raised in San Francisco. Although she studied to be a dancer, she broke into pictures in an entirely different role, that of a comedienne. Now she devotes most of her time to radio.

(For Saturday's highlights, please turn page)

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

tions are splendid. I've flopped week after week trying to get ten bucks—but I don't hold that against them.

Bud and Arlene have the sprightliest, gayest line of any team on the air. My only criticism of the program is Johnny—he really gets in my hair.

MAXINE BAXTER,
Norwood, Ohio

FOURTH PRIZE

WE'LL DO OUR VERY BEST!

I buy the RADIO MIRROR because I like to read the genuinely good articles in it. Especially do I like in this issue "What's New From Coast to Coast." It's like having a grand old neighborhood gossip about people you like, with one who likes them. Sort of keeps me pepped up and interested in what's going on in Radio.

MRS. CHARLES L. CALDWELL,
Madera, California

FIFTH PRIZE

THE MAGNIFICENT JON HALLS

All praise to the Jon Halls for their magnificent moral courage in taking the unusual step of repeating the marriage ceremony for the sake of a great cause. The cause of *clean living*. How many young people who have acquired national fame would have shown a similar strength of character in daring to face possible ridicule and unkind criticism? Spectacular? Well, perhaps! But in no other way could public attention have been so well directed to this good law. Would that more radio and movie stars might come forward to encourage other proposed reform laws, which are even now in the offing, but which will die for want of moral support.

BESSIE B. MASON,
Vineland, N. J.

SIXTH PRIZE

ORCHIDS TO MR. WELLES

It is surprising how many thrills can be experienced from a radio adaptation of classical literature by such moving and high-powered actors as the group on Orson Welles' Mercury Theater program.

I sat for one hour in electric silence while Shakespeare's immortal "Julius Caesar" unwound itself in tremendous length on a background of powerful music. With the room in semi-darkness and a pipe clenched between my teeth, I relived the glory and fall of Caesar and unconsciously compared the sense and folly of dictators, past and present.

Orchids to Mr. Welles.

WALTER G. WEISBECKER,
River Edge, N. J.

SEVENTH PRIZE

GRACIE'S ALWAYS A WOW!

Gracie Allen has always been "tops" with me, both on radio programs and in pictures, as has S. S. Van Dine, in the field of fiction. And now that they've got together—Philo, with his aristocratic English, and Gracie with her quick-fire inanities—in this new serial "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"—what a laugh! It's a WOW! And what a scoop! Will I eat it up? I'll say I will!

W. E. DILLINGHAM,
Terre Haute, Indiana

"A MAN LOVES hands like velvet," says Shirley Ross, in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory". So—furnish softening moisture for your hand skin with Jergens!

Shirley Ross* (Paramount Star) tells girls: "HANDS can have power to charm"

*Shirley Ross has lovely hands. With Bob Hope in Paramount's "Thanks for the Memory".

Overcome "Winter Dryness"—help protect Softness, Smoothness of your HANDS

EVERY girl wants "Hollywood Hands"—so soft and smooth, so enchanting to a man! Winter is their special enemy. Then the skin's moisture glands provide less natural moisture. And outdoor exposure and necessary use of water are very drying to hand skin. Result for careless girls—is coarser, harsher hands. Wiser girls supplement this deficiency of natural moisture with Jergens Lotion. Does such beautifying work! Furnishes moisture for the skin! Contains 2 ingredients many doctors use to help soften rough, hard skin. Never sticky! Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, $1.00 at beauty counters.

JERGENS LOTION

NEW! Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream! Contains Biamin—helps against dry skin. 10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., 649 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous *free sample* of Jergens!

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:00	NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
		8:00	NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
		8:15	NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
		8:45	NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta**
	8:00	9:00	NBC: **Press-Radio News**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Blue: **Breakfast Club**
	8:05	9:05	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Montana Slim**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **Instrumental Ensemble**
	8:25	9:25	CBS: **Press-Radio News**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Ward and Muzzy**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **Saturday Morning Club**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Viennese Ensemble**
	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Four Corners Theater**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Amanda Snow**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Florence Hale**
	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Cincinnati Conservatory**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **Vaughn de Leath**
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
	10:15	11:15	NBC-Blue: **Radio City Four**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Eastman School of Music**
		12:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **Vocal Vogues**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Bailey Axton**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Al and Lee Reiser**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **America Presents**
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Buffalo Presents**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.**
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Campus Kids**
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: **Romany Trail**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: **Bill Krenz Orch.**
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS: **Merry Makers**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Rakov's Orch.**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Rhythm and Rhyme**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Ricardo Orch.**
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Men of the West**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **Top Hatters**
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **Concert Orchestra**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orch.**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Judy and Lanny**
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: **Stamp Collectors**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Gray Gordon's Orch.**
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: **Swingology**
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **Press-Radio News**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
3:05	5:05	6:05	CBS: **Console Echoes**
3:05	5:05	6:05	NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue**
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: **Songs for You**
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC-Red: **Religion in the News**
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Saturday Swing Session**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
9:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Joe E. Brown**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men**
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: **Johnny Presents**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **TOMMY RIGGS**
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Professor Quiz**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Original Plays**
9:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **FRED WARING**
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Men Against Death**
8:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Vox Pop**
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **America Dances**
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **ARTURO TOSCANINI**
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Dance Music**

Motto of the Day

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By Joe E. Brown

Don't mistake greed for ambition.

Highlights For Saturday, Nov. 26

THE football season is waning, and this is about the last Saturday you'll be able to listen to the pigskin games until the *Rose Bowl* game on New Year's Day. . . . There's a big one for your attention today, though — the *Army* vs. *Navy* game in Philadelphia, which *CBS, NBC,* and *MBS* are all planning to broadcast. . . . Somewhere or other, *MBS* is also going to squeeze in a description of the *Duke-Pitt* game at Durham, North Carolina. . . . The game between Florida and Auburn at Jacksonville can be heard on *WRUF, WJAX, WIOD*. . . . *Holy Cross-Boston College* is on *WEEI, WORC, WMAS, WDRC*. . . . Musical fans will be very much interested in the news that the Metropolitan Opera matinee broadcasts should begin today on *NBC-Red,* unless the Army-Navy game shuts the opening matinee off the air, in which case they'll begin next Saturday. This is the eighth season for the Metropolitan on the air, all the time on *NBC's* network. . . . Football being a closed book after today, tonight's *Eddie Dooley's* last broadcast on *NBC-Red* at *6:30*. . . . And one of your favorite singers goes into the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel to join *Eddy Duchin's* orchestra as guest singer—*Morton Downey*.

Morton Downey joins Eddy Duchin's band tonight—broadcasting on NBC and MBS.

Bea Wain sings on the Tommy Riggs program heard on NBC-Red at 8 tonight.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 3

THE Mutual Network jumps right into the Christmas season, this early in the month, with a special broadcast this morning from Oberlin College. It's a pre-Christmas program, on the air from *11:00* to *11:30*. . . . At *5:45* this afternoon *CBS* starts a new sustaining program with the co-operation of the Department of Commerce. . . . It's called *The Government Interviews Business,* and *Richard Patterson,* assistant secretary of commerce, is in charge. . . . It ought to be very interesting if you're not afraid to think while you listen. . . . At last, thanks to the networks' efforts, Saturday night has become every bit as good a listening night as any other in the week. . . . Here are some good reasons for spending the evening at home. . . . *Joe E. Brown* at *7:30* on *CBS*. . . . *Tommy Riggs* and *Betty Lou* with a guest star, *Larry Clinton's* orchestra, and *Bea Wain,* singer, at *8:00* on *NBC-Red*. . . . *Fred Waring* on the same network at *8:30*. . . . *Your Hit Parade* with *W. C. Fields* at *10:00* on *CBS* . . . and *Arturo Toscanini* directing the *NBC Symphony* at the same time on *NBC-Blue*. . . . Bea Wain, soloist on the *Tommy Riggs* show, is the wife of announcer *Andre Baruch,* and one of today's top swingsingers.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 10

THEY'RE talking about moving the whole *Your Hit Parade* program out to Hollywood, now that *W. C. Fields* has established himself as such a strong attraction on it—which was no surprise to anybody, of course. . . . In the meantime, studio audiences at both ends of the continent sit in on the ten-o'clock *CBS* program. Those in New York watch the orchestra and listen to *Fields* on a loudspeaker—those in Hollywood watch Fields and listen to the orchestra on a loudspeaker . . . and both have a lot of fun. . . . Fields hasn't lost any of his microphone appeal in the year he's been absent from radio, and these Saturday-night sessions are pure delight. . . . Did you ever know that the great W. C. is sensitive to color?—he covers the black and yellow license plate on his car with a sheet of green isinglass, remarking indignantly, "Can you imagine them having a lousy color like that for license plates?" . . . Everybody in Hollywood is looking forward to the day when Fields' new movie, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," is completed. In it he co-stars with his old enemy, *Charlie McCarthy,* and the result certainly ought to be something to see. . . . Birthday greetings to *Jean Dickenson* and *Dorothy Lamour*.

Something not to be missed is W. C. Fields and his comedy on Your Hit Parade, CBS.

Ernest Schelling directs the New York orchestra in a children's concert today.

Highlights For Saturday, Dec. 17, 24

DECEMBER 17: *Ernest Schelling* conducts the second children's concert by the *New York Philharmonic Orchestra* this morning from *11:00* until *12:00*, or a little later. . . . Listening to these broadcasts, it's hard to figure out which is the more fun—the music or the informal, witty comments Schelling makes to his youthful audience. . . . You can hear the program on *CBS*.

December 24: It's Christmas Eve, but if you can spare time to listen to radio, there will be some very swell things to increase your enjoyment of the holiday season. . . . This afternoon, for instance, the Metropolitan Opera will broadcast its traditional matinee performance of Humperdinck's Christmas fairy-tale opera, "Haensel and Gretel." And if you listen to it, and one strain of music seems very very familiar to you—don't be surprised. It's the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour's* theme song. . . . Tonight *Toscanini* and the *NBC* orchestra serve up a special Christmas pudding of the Maestro's most sure-fire hit tunes. . . . *Tommy Riggs* will help *Betty Lou* celebrate Christmas Eve *on NBC-Red* at *8:00*. . . . And to end up with, your *Almanac* wishes you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

FAVORED Sunday night spot on CBS national, 9:00 p. m., E.S.T.; thirty minutes of music you like to hum or whistle; comes out of Toronto. Aces with older folk who like familiar stuff. It's the Music For You show.

CLOSEUPS

Geoffrey Waddington . . . conductor; pioneer at 34; had first radio engagement in 1922; born Leicester, England, but came to Lethbridge, Alberta, at age of four; studied at Toronto Conservatory; in '26 became musical director of old CKNC, Toronto; led ork. in Lethbridge theater at age of 12, when conductor taken ill and Geoff only one competent to wield baton; was champ sprinter as kid; has realized boyhood ambition to live in country; operates farm outside Toronto; of medium height, quiet, reserved, with level, penetrating gray eyes; has lot of friends and no enemies . . .

Dorothy Alt . . . pulchritudinous vocalizer of heart-songs; born twenty years ago at Plum Coulee; debuted at four with "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles"; had year at University of Manitoba; start in radio came with winning of amateur contest sponsored by Emerson Gill, famed dance maestro, over WXYZ; June, 1937, saw her in Toronto, taking audition for CRCT; same night she debuted on Summer Cocktails; has been going strong ever since; biggest hit was Percy Faith's smash Streamline series, due back on air this fall by popular demand; has escaped marriage thus far, but one so decorative is never safe from M. Cupid . . .

Virginia Woods . . . another twenty-year-old; "cute" is the word I want; curly, red-gold hair; blue eyes, mischievous smile; Virginia has been on national network four months; began studying at Woodstock, Ontario, when ten; at seventeen captured Canadian National Exhibition gold medal for sopranos; Fate appeared in shape of Peter Aylen's ears; CBL's manager heard her singing on University of Western Ontario program; sent her invitation to audition; following week she bowed in on Music For You . . .

William (Bill) Morton . . . young Lochinvar from out of West; veteran of Canadian airwaves at 23; sings a mean tenor; he's got everything he ever wanted by going after it; first real air spot came at Regina, Saskatchewan; CBC scouts had him spotted; gave him two years to train and study, then shipped him to Toronto; Bill's delivered ever since; Bill started solo programs over CBC national last September; lend him your ears . . .

John Adaskin . . . producer; also handles all auditions for CBL; square of beam, kindly of eye; comes by musical production of Music For You, Toronto Prom. Concerts, and others, honestly; for years one of Toronto's ace 'cellists; wowed radio and stage audiences last year with comical rendition on four-note toy trumpet backed by 30-piece ork.; plays saxophone as well; on shady side of thirty; more fun on party than Ritz Brothers; wife, Naomi, latter half of internationally known two-piano team, Coles and Yanova . . .

I FORGET WHO TOLD ME BUT . . .

Plenty staff changes in good old CBC . . . Peter Aylen, station manager CBL, Toronto, to same duties at CBR, Vancouver, starting last October 15 . . . Jack Radford, chief exec. at CBR, coming to Toronto . . . Aurele Seguin, French assistant to Programme Supervisor, transferred to head Quebec unit with headquarters at Montreal . . . Rupert Lucas heads new Central Script Bureau . . . John Macdonell, new ace drama director, doing series of O. Henry stories for CBS air . . . Charles Jennings father of baby boy, Peter (the first) . . . daddy, formerly Canada's best known radio announcer, says son is now broadcasting on all wavelengths . . . Percy Faith, Ferde Grofe of Canada, having tough time during Summer . . . worked two days week on "Bands Across the Sea" program, then spent rest of time at cottage outside Toronto . . . says it was really hard to take . . . CBC doing some snazzy advertising to lure sponsors . . . booklets really works of art . . . Ernest A. Byworth, president of Associated Broadcasting Company, Toronto, recently returned from Hollywood and Pacific Coast . . . handed posies to CBR's Vancouver studios as most up-to-date of all he'd seen . . . Herb. May had profitable vacation in home town, Ottawa . . . had two tickets on lucrative Daily Double . . . Herb. says it wasn't luck, but admits being blindfolded and using pin.

The Gracie Allen Murder Case

(*Continued from page* 34)

I saw in Miss Del Marr's room."

"What!" The Sergeant's exclamation startled the girl.

"Goodness! Did I say something wrong *again*, Mr. Heath?"

Vance reproachfully waved the Sergeant back.

"You mean, Miss Allen, that you saw someone besides Miss Del Marr when you fell into that room last Saturday?"

"Yes. A man *exactly* like you described."

"But why," asked Vance, "did you not tell me about him this morning?"

"Why, you didn't *ask* me!"

"And you're sure," Vance went on, "that he looked like the man I just described to you?"

"Uh-huh, I'm sure."

"I don't suppose you had ever seen him before."

I NEVER saw him before in all my life. And I'd have remembered, too, if I'd ever seen him. I *always* remember faces, but I can't hardly *ever* remember names. But I did see him *afterwards.*"

"Afterwards? Where was that?"

"Why, he was sitting in the dining-room, right in the corner."

Vance inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

"Tell me, Miss Allen: what was this man doing when you saw him in Miss Del Marr's room?"

"Well, let me see. I guess he was a *very* personal friend of Miss Del Marr's because he was putting a big note-book away in one of the drawers. And he *must* have been a very personal friend of Miss Del Marr's, or he wouldn't know where the book belonged, would he? And then Miss Del Marr came over to me and put her hand on my arm, and led me out very quick. I guess she was in a hurry. But she was *awfully* nice. . . ."

Shortly after this astounding recital, Miss Allen cheerfully took leave of us, saying, with a comical air of mystery, that she had a lot of very important things to attend to.

When she had gone Vance looked across at the Sergeant. "It's imperative that I see Owen," he said. "Can you help?"

Heath nodded.

"Sure. He's living at the St. Carlton."

"Thank you, Sergeant. I'll phone you in the morning."

The Sergeant departed, and Vance immediately called Markham.

"You're breakfasting with me tomorrow," he told the District Attorney. "I've many things to tell you."

A Dying Madman

At eight o'clock that evening Vance went to the St. Carlton hotel. He did not telephone from the reception desk, but wrote the word "Unprofessionally" across one of his personal cards and sent it to Owen. A few minutes later the bell-boy returned and led us upstairs.

Two men were standing by a window when we entered, and Owen himself was seated limply in a low chair against the wall, slowly turning Vance's card between his slender tapering fingers. He looked at Vance, and tossed the card on the inlaid tabouret beside him. Then he said in a soft, imperious voice, "That's all tonight." The two men went out of the room and closed the door.

"Forgive me," he said with a wistful, apologetic smile. "Man is a suspicious animal." He moved his hand in a vague gesture: it was his invitation for us to sit down. "Yes, suspicious. But why should one care?" Owen's voice was ominously low, but it had a plaintive carrying quality, like a birdcall at dusk. "I know why you came. And I am glad to see you."

With a closer view of the man, I got the impression that grave illness hung over him. An inner lethargy marked him; his eyes were liquid; his face was almost cyanosed; his voice a monotone. He gave me the feeling of a living dead man.

"For several years," he went on, "there has been the vagrant hope that some day . . . Need for consciousness of kind, likemindedness. . . ." His voice drifted off.

"The loneliness of psychic isolation," murmured Vance. "Quite. Perhaps I was not the one."

"Nobody is the one, of course. Forgive my conceit." Owen smiled wanly and lighted a cigarette. He gave Vance a glance of interrogation. "What thought have you?"

"I was wondering why you were in New York. I saw you at the *Domdaniel* Saturday."

"I saw you too, though I was not certain. I thought then you might get in touch with me. Your presence that night was not a coincidence. There are no coincidences. There is only one pattern in the entire universe of time."

"But your visit to the city. Do I intrude on a secret?"

Owen snarled, and I could feel a chill go down my spine. Then his expression changed to one of sadness.

"I came to see a specialist—Enrick Hofmann."

"Yes. One of the world's greatest cardiologists. You saw him?"

"Two days ago." Owen laughed bitterly. *"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!"*

VANCE merely raised his eyebrows and drew deeply on his cigarette.

"Thank you," said Owen, "for sparing me the meaningless platitudes." Lethargy again seemed to pervade him; his expression became a mask; his hands lay limp on the arms of the chair. He might have been a corpse. There was a long silence; then Owen spoke.

"Nothing has the slightest importance—not even life itself. We ourselves can create or smear out human beings—it is all one, whichever we do." He grinned hopelessly. "The rotten futility of all things—the futility of doing anything, even of thinking. Damn the agonizing succession of days we call Life! My temperament has ever drawn me in many directions at once—always the thumbscrew and the rack. Perhaps, after all, to smear souls out is better."

He seemed to shrink as from a ghost; and Vance put in:

"I know the unrest that comes from too much needless activity, with all its multiplying desires."

"The aimless struggle! Yes, yes. The struggle to fit oneself into a mold that differs from one's ancient mold. That is the ultimate curse."

He moved a little, as if a slight involuntary spasm had shaken him.

"Here in this dreamed-out world," he said hazily, "one course is no better than another; one person or thing is no more important than any other person or thing. All opposites are interchangeable—creation or slaughter, serenity or torture. Yet vanity seeps through the scabby crust of my congealed metaphysics. Bah!" He hunched himself over and stared at Vance.

"Tomorrow night I sail for South America Warmth—the ocean . . . nepenthe, perhaps. I'll be engaged all tomorrow. Things to be done—accounts, a house-cleaning, temporal orderliness. No ripples to follow me for all time. Cleanliness—beyond. . . . You understand?"

"Yes." Vance did not lower his gaze. "I understand."

THE man's slow eyes opened. He straightened and lighted another cigarette. His strange mood was dissipated, and another look came into his eyes. Throughout this discussion he had not once raised his voice. Yet I felt as if I had been listening to a bitter and passionate tirade.

Owen began speaking now of old books, of his days at Cambridge, of his cultural ambitions as a youth, of his early study of music. He was steeped in the lore of ancient civilizations and, to my astonishment, he dwelt with fanatical passion on the Tibetan *Book of the Dead.* But, strangely enough, he spoke of himself always with a sense of dualism, as if telling of someone else. There was a sensitive courtesy in the man, but somehow he instilled in me a repugnance akin to fear. There was always an invisible aura about him, like that of a primitive, smouldering beast. I was unwholesomely fascinated by the man; and I experienced an unmistakable sensation of relief when Vance stood up to go.

As we parted from him at the door, he said to Vance with seeming irrelevancy:

"Counted, weighed, divided. . . . You have promised me."

Vance met his gaze directly for a brief moment.

"Thank you," breathed Owen, with a deep bow.

An Appalling Accusation

"Yes, Markham, quite mad," Vance summarized, as we were finishing breakfast in his apartment the next morning. "Quite. A poisonous madman, like some foul, crawling creature. His end is rapidly approaching, and a hideous fear has wrecked his brain. The sudden anticipation of death has severed his cord of sanity. . . . A vile creature that should be stamped out as one would destroy a deadly germ. A mental, moral and spiritual leper. Unclean. Polluted. And I—*I*— am to save him from the horrors infinity holds for him!"

Sergeant Heath, having arrived in answer to an earlier telephone summons from Vance, had listened attentively to the conversation. But he seemed to withdraw into himself when, a few moments later, Gracie Allen came tripping gayly in.

She carried a small wooden box,

held tightly to her. Behind her was George Burns, diffident and hesitant.

"I just *had* to come, Mr. Vance, to show you my clues. And George had just come to see me; so I brought him along, too. I think he should know how we're getting along. Don't you, Mr. Vance? And mother, *she's* coming over too in a little while. She said she wants to see you, though I can't even *imagine* why."

The girl paused long enough for Vance to present Markham.

"AND now, Mr. Vance," the girl continued, going to the desk and taking the tight cover from the little box she had brought, "I've simply *got* to show you my clues."

She began to display her treasures. "Now here, Mr. Vance, is the exact size of a footprint." She took out a slip of paper with some figures written on it. "It measures just eleven inches long, and the man at the shoe store said that was the length of a number nine-and-a-half shoe—unless it was an English shoe, and then it might be only a number nine. But I don't think he was English—I mean the man with the foot. I think he was a Greek, because he was one of the waiters up at the *Domdaniel*. You see, I went up there because that's where you said the dead man was found. And I waited a long time for someone to come out of the kitchen to make a footprint; and then, when no one was looking, I measured it. . . ."

She put the paper to one side.

"And now, here's a piece of blotter that I took from the desk in Mr. Puttle's office at lunch-time yesterday, when he wasn't there. And I held it to a mirror, but all it says is '4 dz Sw So,' just like I wrote it out again here. All that means is, 'four dozen boxes of sandalwood soap.' . . ."

She brought out two or three other useless odds and ends which she explained in amusing detail.

Vance did not interrupt her during this diverting, but pathetic, display. But Burns, who was growing nervous and exasperated at the girl's unnecessary wasting of time, finally seemed to lose his patience and burst out:

"Why don't you show the gentlemen the almonds you have there, and get this silly business over with?"

"I haven't any almonds, George. There's only one thing left in the box, and that hasn't *anything* to do with it. I was just sort of practicing when I got that clue——"

"But something smells like bitter almond to *me*."

Vance suddenly became interested.

"What else have you got in the box, Miss Allen?" he asked.

She giggled as she took out the last item—a slightly bulging and neatly sealed envelope.

"It's only an old cigarette," she said. "And that's a good joke on George. He's always smelling the funniest odors."

She tore away the corner of the envelope and let a flattened and partly broken cigarette slip into her hand. At first glimpse, I would have said that it had not been lighted, but then I noticed its charred end, as if a few inhalations had been taken on it. Vance took the cigarette and held it gingerly near his nose.

"Here's your odor of bitter almond, Mr. Burns." His eyes were focussed somewhere far in space. Then he sealed the cigarette again in one of his own envelopes, and placed it on the mantel.

"Where did you find that cigarette, Miss Allen?" he asked.

The girl giggled again musically.

"Why, *that's* the one that burned a hole in my dress last Saturday out in Riverdale. You remember. . . . And then when you told me all about how important cigarettes are, I thought I'd go out there right away. I wanted to see if I could find the cigarette and maybe tell if it was a man or a woman that had thrown it at me. You see, I didn't *really* believe it was you that did it. . . . I had a *terrible* time finding the cigarette, because I had stepped on it and it was half covered up. Anyhow, I couldn't tell *anything* from it, and I was *awfully* mad all over again. I started to throw it away. But I thought I'd just better keep it, because it was the *first* clue I had gotten—although it really didn't have *anything* to do with the case."

"MY dear child," said Vance slowly, "it may not have anything to do with our case, but it may have something to do with some other case."

Markham had come forward.

"What did you mean by that last remark, Vance?"

"Cyanide may have been on this cigarette." He looked at Markham significantly. "For the possible action of this drug, as well as the possible means of its administration, I have only to refer you to Doremus' remarks Sunday night."

Markham made a gesture of impatience.

"For Heaven's sake, Vance! Your attitude toward this case is becoming

more insane every minute."

Vance ignored the other's comment, and continued.

"Assuming that my fantastic, and probably fleeting, notion that this cigarette is the actual lethal weapon we have been yearning for, many other equally fantastic things in the case become rational. We could then connect several of our unknown, nightmarish quantities and thus build up a theory which—within its own limitations, at least—would glimmer with sense. Should that cigarette prove to have been impregnated with the poison, and should it have been used as Doremus indicated such an item could be used, then we're up against an utterly implausible coincidence. To wit, we'd have *two* people, in separate parts of the city, murdered by the same obscure method, *on the same day*. And, added to that, we have *only one body*.

"Vance, for the love of Heaven! You're simply creating a new and more preposterous fantasy to explain away your first fantasy." Markham's severe tone quickly sobered Vance.

"Yes, you're quite right," he said. "I shall, of course, send the cigarette at once to Doremus for analysis. And it will probably reveal nothing. As you say. Frankly, I don't understand how the odor could have remained on the cigarette so long, unless one of the combining poisons acted as a fixator and retarded volatilization. . . . But, Markham, I do want—I *need*—a dead man who was killed in Riverdale last Saturday."

Gracie Allen had been looking from one to the other in a bewildered daze.

"Oh, *now* I bet I understand!" she exclaimed exultantly. "You *really* think the cigarette could have *killed* somebody. . . . But I never *heard* of any one dying from smoking just *one* cigarette."

"Not an ordin'ry cigarette, my dear," Vance explained patiently. "It is only possible if the cigarette has been dipped in some terrible poison."

"Why, that's awful, if it's really true," she mused.

Her eyes began to grow wide, and finally she exclaimed:

"But I bet I know who the dead man was! *I bet I know!*"

"What in the world are you talking about?" Vance laughed and looked at her with puzzled eyes. "Who do you think it was?"

She looked back at him searchingly for a few moments, and then said:

"Why, it was Benny the Buzzard!"

Sergeant Heath stiffened suddenly.

"Where did *you* ever hear that name, Miss?" he almost shouted.

"Why—why——" She stammered, taken aback by his vehemence. "Mr. Vance told me all about him."

"Mr. Vance told you——?"

"Of course he did!" the girl said defiantly. "*That's* how I know that Benny the Buzzard was killed in Riverdale."

"Killed in Riverdale?" The Sergeant looked dazed. "And maybe you know who killed him, too?"

"I should say I do know. . . . It was *Mr. Vance himself!*"

When Vance told Gracie that he had just killed a man, he certainly never expected the joke to bounce back on him like this! But even more important, perhaps, is the clue of the half-smoked cigarette. Be sure to read the next instalment of this enthralling murder mystery, in the February Radio Mirror.

The Morgan—the Merrier

(*Continued from page* 10)

friends. He started life as the younger of the two heirs to the Angostura bitters fortune in this country. Right from the start, he has always had a good deal of money, so it wasn't necessary for him to worry about how he was going to make a living. So far, so good. But Frank also refused to be troubled with the worries which come from the possession of riches—what to do with the money, how to conserve it, and how to live up to it.

AS a youngster, he grew up with a firm desire to lead his own life. He took a crack at college, Cornell, but found that studying "made him nervous." So he skipped school and went out west to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to become—of all things—a cowboy! And a real one. Las Vegas was a tough frontier town then—Frank is around fifty today—and after the gun-totin' boys got through with him, Frank could shoot straight, ride hard, and hold his liquor like a man.

When punching cattle palled, he made a living shooting pool in a string of Texas cow towns, hooked up with a hobo buddy, rode the freights into New Orleans, and heaved coal on a tramp steamer around to New York.

There he decided to be an actor, partly because his brother Ralph was doing well on Broadway. But mainly, I suspect, because a friend of his told him actors lived the life of Riley. "They sleep all day," said the friend, "and stay up all night."

"Now," said Frank, "you're talking!"

Because their two careers have paralleled each other for so long, Frank and his brother Ralph are very close. Their families see each other all the time. Claudia, Ralph's daughter, is just like Frank's daughter. Their respective wives are like sisters. They're inseparable, and so compatible that when the family estate and control of the Angostura company was passed on to them recently, neither one bothered to figure his share.

The Morgans' real family name is Wupperman, which has always struck Frank as immeasurably funny. It is one of those names with a comic ring, like Schmaltz, Doolittle, or Dinglehoofer. No one has been amused by his real name more than Frank Wupperman.

When he first went on the Good News show last year, he had his bags all packed for a trip to Europe. At first he refused to go on the air, but the Good News producer, knowing his Wuppermans, argued that being in a radio show was *fun*. Frank couldn't resist that lure. He went on for a guest shot, and two weeks later cancelled his steamer reservations.

The fact that he doesn't spend too much time at radio rehearsals never bothers either Frank or the show's producers. For Frank can get up cold with a script and carry on as if he had known it by heart all his life. Or if there isn't a script handy, he can stand there and *ad lib* with the rest of them, Fred Allen included.

Once his pal, Van Dyke, was direct-

We don't say they'll suddenly start acting like "little angels," BUT—If your youngsters are irritable and peevish due to constipation—hurry and change to FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. They get all FEEN-A-MINT's famous benefits simply by chewing. No wonder young folks and grown-ups, too, say: "FEEN-A-MINT seems just like magic!" It tastes good, but more important still, it's so dependable and trustworthy. Millions use FEEN-A-MINT—discover for yourself how quickly it will help put the sunshine back into life for *your* family. Try it!

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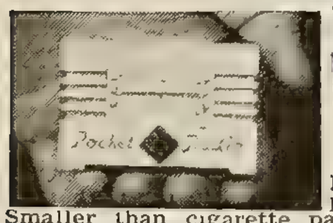

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ing Frank in a movie scene and let him ramble on for three minutes. Then Woody said, "Cut!" and "Okay!"

"I don't know what you were talking about," said Woody, "but it sounded great. Let's use it."

During his first Good News broadcast, Frank had his script writers worried. One day he bawled them out roundly. His comedy material, he said, was a disgrace to his reputation. He intimated that the scribes couldn't even write home to their mothers. He poured it on. Tears, actual tears, came to the writers' eyes: it was that strong. The producer walked Frank out into the wings. "You oughtn't to do that," he told him. "Why in the world *did* you do it? Is the stuff really that bad?"

"Oh, no," said Frank. "It's really *swell.* I just didn't want 'em to get *smug!*"

But now the writers are on to him, and take his insults in the friendly spirit in which they are given. Actually, Frank will do anything they want him to. He isn't proud. As long as it's fun—why, it's okay. You've heard him talk about his "wife" on the air. You'd think she was a terror. But Frank and his real wife, Alma, have been married for twenty-odd years. They're ideally happy.

ONE night, as part of the "Morgan for Senator" campaign on Good News, they asked Frank to cut up on the stage to prime laughs. Most actors of his standing wouldn't have consented at all. But Frank thought it was a swell idea. He organized a march of Meredith Willson's band, stripped off his shirt to display, sewed on his underwear in red letters, "Morgan for Senator." It brought down the house, and since then Frank has clowned with the audience on every show.

Last year he had a little trouble with a fluttery heart. Looking over the fractious ticker, the doctor told Frank he'd have to cut down on his fun, get to bed early, lay off this and that, stop laughing so hard, ease up on excitement. Frank tried it for—oh—a week or two. Then he decided he'd rather die happy, if perhaps a little sooner.

I turned away from Skipper Morgan for only a minute, it seemed, and when I looked back he was gone, gold braid and all. There was consternation at the Good News rehearsal. With Morgan gone, things were pretty upset. And so was I.

Then from out of a seat on the side, a quiet little secretary stepped forward. It developed that her special job was to keep track of Morgan. "We have to chain his script to the stand so he won't carry it off and leave it somewhere," she confided. "Come on. I think I know where he is."

There was Frank, all right. In the appropriate nautical surroundings of that South Seas spot, he was rubbing the gold braid off his elbows and the feathers off his tongue with a tall cool one.

How he ever gathered such a following in such a short time, I'll never know. But a group of admiring bystanders—pals by now—were grinning as Frank exploded.

"'I *had* to bury her—she *died*, you know!'"

Everybody was laughing with Frank. Pretty soon I was too. And so was the little secretary sent to fetch him. I've forgotten when we got back to the Good News rehearsal.

Or if we ever did.

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From the large number of inquiries received, we know that many persons are preparing material to submit under this offer and it is to them that this message is addressed as a reminder that December 31, 1938, is the closing date. Manuscripts received later will not be eligible for consideration under the unusually favorable terms set forth.

Therefore, if you are preparing material for submittal be sure to have it in the mail in good time to reach us on or before December 31. If you are not familiar with the details of our special offer, but have material you feel may qualify, write today for full particulars. A coupon is provided for your convenience.

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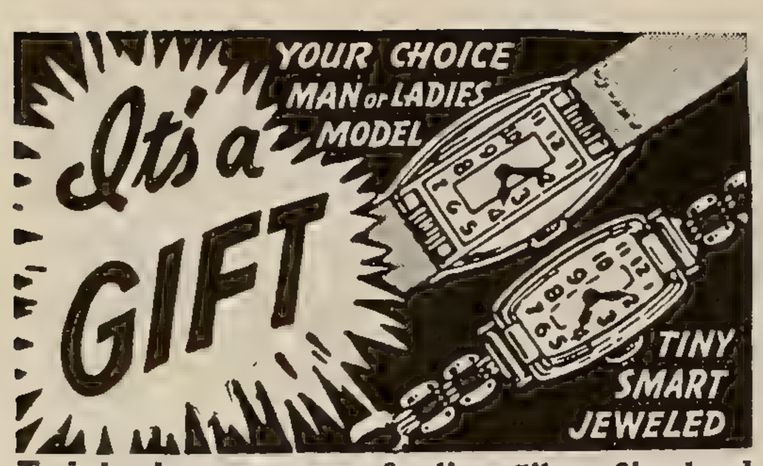

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

Meet Town Hall Tonight's Merry Macs—Helen Carroll and the MacMichael boys, from left to right, Joe, Ted and Judd.

HAVE you heard the Merry Macs on the Fred Allen Town Hall Tonight program, on the air each Wednesday from 9:00 to 10:00 over the NBC red network? The boys, Joe, Ted and Judd MacMichael, were all born in Minneapolis, where they got their first job in 1930 with Eddie Dunstedter. They were known then as the "Mystery Trio" and wore black masks while singing.

Before Judd and Ted made singing their profession, they sold haberdashery . . . When the older boys took a job with Joe Haymes' Orchestra, brother Joe left school at the age of fourteen to join them. Judd and Ted are married and Judd is the proud father of Nelda, age 2.

The only girl member is Helen Carroll. Her uncle, Ed East of the famous East and Dumke team, helped her to land the job with the Merry Macs. Helen has green eyes and brown hair . . . majored in philosophy in college, and is just 21.

Luther G. Bassett, Welch, W. Va.—The story of Blue Barron's rise to fame dates back to October, 1935, when he made a hit at the Floating Palace in Troy, N. Y. The success of Barron's orchestra can be attributed to the splendid arrangements of dance music, the fine instrumental and vocal soloists, and the ensemble singing of the band. Barron knows just what the public wants and plays "danceable tempos" that register with dancers both young and old.

Miss S. Gardner, Baltimore, Md.—Below is the cast of Road of Life:

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Dr. Winslow	Jack Rosleigh
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Dr. Jim's Father	Joseph Latham
Night Nurse	Peggy Allenby
Fred	Lawson Zerbe
Helen Gowan	Peggy Allenby

Mrs. W. L. Andrews, Logan, Utah—For pictures of the casts of Big Sister, Hilltop House, Our Gal Sunday and Pretty Kitty Kelly, write to the program, in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Interested, Richmond, Va.—Nelson Eddy was born in Providence, R. I. Both his father and mother were gifted with fine singing voices. Nelson made his vocal debut as a boy soprano for Grace and All Saints' Church in Providence. He learned operatic arias by playing phonographic records over and over and then singing with the soloist. David Bispham was Nelson's first teacher of voice. Eddy made his stage debut in a society show called "The Marriage Tax" in 1922. The accident of having his name left off the program called especial attention to the then unknown singer. He has mastered thirty-two operatic roles . . . sings in English, French, Italian, Spanish, Russian and Yiddish. Likes to sketch his friends with a stub of a pencil he carries in his pocket . . . owns one of the largest libraries of baritone music . . . keeps a recording outfit in his living room where one must walk with care to avoid stepping on records . . . Regarding the Nelson Eddy Fan Club, address your request to Frances Bradley, Pres., 4211 Overlook Road, Birmingham, Ala.

FAN CLUB SECTION

Enoch Light fans should contact Florence Carroll, 3450 Forty-third St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y., for information regarding the club.

Anyone interested in organizing a **Kay Kyser** National Musical Fraternity in their town or city, such as the one in Highland Park, N. J., which has been very successful, may communicate with Morton Lazarus, Active President, 48 Cedar Avenue, Highland Park, N. J.

Wanted: Members, far and near, for the **Johnny Blowers** Swing Club, honoring Johnny Blowers, drummer of Ben Bernie's Band. Members receive an autographed photo of Johnny, a membership card, and a club paper three times a year. For further information, write to Florence D. Mentasti, Active President, at 605 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mary Miller, president of the **Jeanette MacDonald** International Fan Club, is striving for a 500 membership. Miss Miller will be happy to hear from you if you care to join, and her address is 20 Henrietta St., St. Catharines, Ont., Canada.

Mrs. Eloise DuBois, president of the **James Melton** Club, would like to welcome new members. Write to her at 3972 Sherman Way, Sacramento, Calif., for further details.

Why We Didn't Dare Divorce

(*Continued from page 9*)

before air time, but Bob always became increasingly fidgety as the hands of the clock passed nine, and before long it became the custom for him to leave thirty minutes or so before it was really necessary, while Bark and I would follow him later.

One night, after Bob had left, I asked Bark: "Why don't we all go dancing next Saturday? You could bring another girl."

He was silent a moment. Then he raised his eyes and looked at me steadily. "Do you really think," he said quietly, "that would be any fun for me?"

And after a pause, when I did not answer: "Or for you, either?"

I suddenly felt as if I were suffocating. He hadn't touched me, I had never felt his arms around me or his lips on mine, yet under that steady, intense gaze my whole body burned.

He rushed on, before I could speak: "Don't tell me you didn't know already. Why else do you think I've made you and Bob let me come along to dinner every night? Don't you know it's because I have to see you?"

And I realized he was right—I had known all that, without permitting myself to admit it. Now it was out, out in the open. It must be faced.

"Yes." I said. "I knew, Bark."

He made a quick movement, as if to take my hand, but I drew it away. "No," I said "Please, let's go back to the studio."

Somehow, I got through the rest of that evening. I read my script as if nothing had happened; I rode home in a taxi with Bob; I said good night to him and went into my own room and undressed and went to bed, all as usual. But my brain was reeling.

BARK loved me—and I loved him. The sweetness of that knowledge was all I had room for in my mind just then. That, and the thought that luckily there was no real barrier to our marriage.

I hated the thought of divorce, as every sensitive woman must hate it. But, with Bob and me, it would be different. Our marriage had already drifted into the shallows, into stagnant dullness and indifference, long before I met Bark.

As I fell asleep, I was happy—really happy for the first time in months.

That happiness was still with me the next morning. It was still with me—but now there was a difference. Somewhere, in the back of my mind, was a shadow. . . .

And then I knew.

I could not ask Bob for a divorce!

It was fantastic, it was ridiculous—but it was true. In any other profession, we could have ended our marriage, and still gone on with our work, either together, as friends, or separately. But the strange world of radio would never permit that. No sooner would the news of our divorce become public than every Nexdoor fan would inevitably lose the illusion we had worked so hard to build up. They couldn't possibly accept us as Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor when they knew we were a divorced couple.

Nor could I leave the program and let Bob carry on with a substitute in my role. My voice was too closely identified with the character of Mrs. Nexdoor.

No, as long as Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor were on the air we were tied together with bonds of steel. There was only one way out—to take the program off the air. Neither of us could continue it alone.

And that meant I could never ask Bob for a divorce. To break up our home—that I could have done, because it was not a home, it was already broken up. But to rob Bob of his career—that I could never do. I knew how engrossed in the program he was; and I knew, too, how difficult and almost impossible it would be for him to give it up and start something new. Radio doesn't welcome its old favorites in new roles, and Bob had never had any stage or screen experience at all.

I THOUGHT, that morning, that I could never divorce Bob if by doing so I must also ruin his career, but as the next weary weeks dragged past I discovered in myself depths of ruthlessness I had never suspected. The daily sight of Bark in the studio and the few stolen meetings we had when he urged me to forget everything and free myself so I could marry him, combined to remind me constantly of my problem. Bark no longer had dinner with us, and once more Bob and I sat silently together night after night.

I almost hated Bob in those days, and I did whole-heartedly hate the program. I came to script conferences and rehearsals without interest; sometimes I let Bob write the whole script without even a suggestion from me. I hoped, almost, that I could make him angry. Many a time I was on the verge of blurting out the truth and asking him to release me.

Then fate, in the form of a radio sponsor, broke our deadlock. Bark called me one morning and said, with suppressed excitement in his voice, that he must see me before rehearsal. I promised to meet him for lunch.

When I entered the dark, quiet little restaurant we had chosen, he was already there, sitting at a table for two with a highball in front of him. He jumped up and immediately plunged into explanations:

"I'm going to Hollywood, Linda! They want me to be master of ceremonies on a new variety show!"

I sat down, feeling as if someone had pushed me. Well, I thought, perhaps it's better this way. Never to see him again. . . .

But he was rushing on. "And you're coming with me. You've got to, Linda! You can't say no!"

"I can't, Bark. What chance would we have of being happy if every time seven o'clock rolled around I'd remember that I had taken Bob's work away from him? Suppose he couldn't find anything else to do? And you know he probably couldn't."

"I don't know anything of the sort," he flashed back at me. "I must say, if I were Bob, and knew you were making all this fuss, I certainly wouldn't be very flattered at your opinion of me! You sound as if you thought Bob was utterly incapable of taking care of himself."

"It isn't that at all," I retorted. "It's just that the show means too much to him, and that I've seen enough people try to change their acts in radio to know it can't be done."

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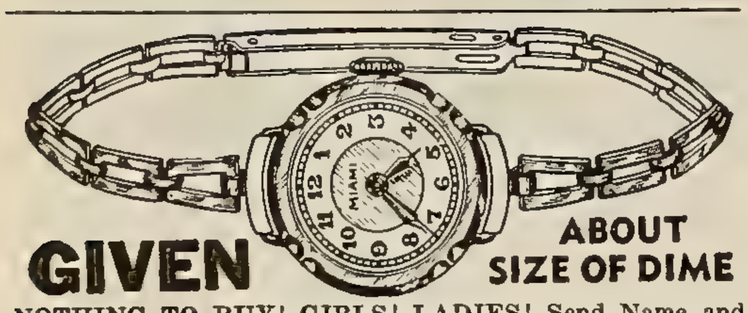

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"Linda," he exclaimed, his face white, "I've tried to understand, all these weeks—tried to be sympathetic and kind. But I'm at the end of my rope. To me, you just seem to be a woman pulling the noble self-sacrifice act, and loving it!"

"Bark!" I cried. "That's not so!"

"If it isn't, you're giving a mighty good imitation. You—" He was going on, but the arrival of the waiter at that moment saved us from plunging into the quarrel we had been on the brink of having. He gave the order, and then said sullenly:

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean that, of course. But— Oh, don't you see that you couldn't possibly hurt Bob more than you're hurting him now, by clinging to him without loving him?"

"Of course I see that—under ordinary circumstances. If we were just any couple, it would be different."

"I know, I know," he nodded, wearily. "You're Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor, and you're going to go on being Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor, in real life and on the air—forever."

I DON'T know what we had for lunch, and the meal ended without our having come to any real decision. But just before we left, Bark leaned across the table and said gravely: "You've got to be honest with yourself, Linda. If you really love me, you've got to tell Bob you want a divorce. If you don't really love me—well—"

All that afternoon, I could think of only one thing: Bark's accusation that I was dramatizing myself. Perhaps it was true that I attached too much importance to my presence in the Nexdoor program. Perhaps I *was* being foolish and emotional.

I took a long walk in the park, and was so absorbed in my thoughts that I was late, for the first time in my life, to rehearsal. But by that time my mind was made up.

Bark was right. I was helping no one, and hurting us all, by keeping silent. I would ask Bob to free me.

After the first broadcast Bob and I went, as usual, to the cafe across the street for dinner.

I was just opening my mouth to speak, when Bob forestalled me.

"Linda," he said, "I've been thinking. Maybe you didn't know, but the program's slipping. And our sponsor —I've heard, indirectly—is sort of wondering if he'll keep the show on during the summer."

I listened, aghast, because for all our seven years on the air we had worked for the same sponsor, and there had never been any question of taking the program off.

"So it seemed to me," Bob was going on, his eyes on the water glass which he was twisting between his fingers, "that maybe the Nexdoors have gone stale on us—or we on them. And I wondered what you'd think if—we called it a program—and I started something else."

"Something else?" I asked. "But what?"

"Oh, I don't know. I have a couple of radio ideas knocking around in my head that I'd like to do something with. The only thing is—there isn't any place in them for you, and I was wondering if you'd really mind— You see, it isn't as if the Nexdoors were still going strong, and it might be a good idea to get out while we can—"

For one brief beautiful instant, I believed him. I thought he really did want to end the program, and was trying to break it to me without hurting me. Then I looked at him more closely, and my heart sank. Bob has never been able to lie to me.

"Bob!" I said. "What's happened? You don't really want to quit."

"Oh, of course I don't *want* to," he began, "but with the way things are going, I just thought we'd—"

"You've been talking to Bark," I said quickly. "What happened? Did he speak to you this afternoon?"

Then, for the first time that evening, he looked at me. Only for a moment, but I saw the misery and heartbreak in his eyes, and it staggered me. "Well, you don't think it was much of a surprise to me, do you?" he asked.

"Surprise . . . ?"

"I mean, did you think I didn't know what was going on? I could tell, these last few weeks. You'd changed, Linda. Maybe you didn't realize it, but you did. And—well, of course I couldn't blame you. You couldn't help it if you didn't love me any more. So for quite a while I've been mulling things over in my mind, figuring out what to do. And the show really *is* slipping—that's the truth. So maybe, if you want to, we'd better call it quits, after the contract runs out."

He was talking like a man who is trying to hypnotize himself with his own words. It tore my heart to hear him, but there was so much behind what he was saying that I couldn't collect myself enough to interrupt him. He'd known, all this time! And before that, he'd known our marriage was a failure. But that one look he had given me of his face showed me that if he had done nothing, it wasn't because he didn't care. He cared so much that it frightened me—and shamed me, too. I had been thinking he didn't love me—and instead, he loved me so much he was willing to give up everything so I could be happy.

THEN, in the midst of my humiliation, I felt an overwhelming surge of anger at Bark. How dared he go to Bob behind my back, taking it upon himself to do what—if it was to be done at all—was my duty! And, quite suddenly, I found myself thinking coldly of Bark, without desire, almost without interest.

"Bob, don't!" I sobbed. "It's all my fault. I've been a silly, emotional woman. Let's start in all over again—and let's go to work on the show so hard that we make a bigger success out of it than ever. But when that's over, let's go away somewhere, just the two of us, and try to be—to be a man and his wife again."

But Bob, after a moment, shook his head. "I'm not blaming you, Linda. But it isn't as easy as that. It can't be. I've known, even before Bark came along, that something was wrong with our marriage, but I was afraid to do anything about it because—well, because you didn't seem to want me to. I was afraid of you.

ANSWERS TO SPELLING BEE

1. Midriff. 2. Villainy. 3. Phaeton. 4. Try square. 5. Excommunicate. 6. Omnibuses. 7. Fascinated. 8. Chastisement. 9. Flaccid. 10. Panorama. 11. Camaraderie. 12. Sassafras. 13. Knickknacks. 14. Farcical 15. Chilblains. 16. Ingrain. 17. Parricide. 18. Beleaguerment. 19. Cantankerous. 20. Colloquialisms.

And if you'd said, a long time ago, what you've just said—then it might have done some good. Now I just—well, I guess I just don't believe you."

He could never have said anything that would have showed me myself more clearly. Deeply ashamed, I said humbly, "Isn't there anything I can do to prove you *can* believe me?"

"I hope so," he said slowly. "There's nothing that would make me happier than to have you back, Linda—to be really together again, the way we were when we were first married. And, you know, we've both been at fault. We've let the show sop up all our affection and enthusiasm, so that we didn't have any left for each other."

"When does the contract run out?" I asked.

"The end of June."

"That's two months. We couldn't do anything until then, anyway, could we?"

"No."

"Then let me try. Let me help you to build up the show again. I can do that, anyway." I was speaking eagerly, almost happily, as I began to see a way of regaining what I had so nearly destroyed.

"All right." He nodded, so firmly that in spite of the tense lines of suffering in his face he was almost the old Bob again. "But you've got to forgive me if I don't put all my eggs in one basket again. I'm going to write the scripts so Mr. and Mrs. Nexdoor are headed for a separation. Then, if it's just no go, and you and I find, by June, that we've got to call it quits, we can bring the show to an end. Really finish it."

Bark left the program after that night's broadcast, and when I did not call him, he must have realized that everything was finished between us.

The next six weeks were hard, but they were happy, in a queer, gruelling sort of way. Bob immediately put the new story-sequence into operation, involving the Nexdoors in the quarrel which was to lead to their separation—unless we decided otherwise—and every morning we worked on the scripts, writing, re-writing, and polishing them as never before. I discovered how little real help I had been in this work for the past year or so, because now I was able to make suggestions that made Bob look up, grin, and nod approvingly. And a warm glow of happiness and pride was born in my heart.

Then came the day when I looked at Bob and suddenly realized that there was a new spring in his step, a new assurance in the poise of his head. I knew, that day, that I was succeeding.

The Nexdoors' domestic troubles had been the subject of our scripts for three weeks when the first popularity rating report reached us. It was better, but only slightly so, and my heart sank. Then, three weeks later, another report came through, and it showed an astounding, unbelievable increase in popularity.

"We've done it!" Bob said, smiling at me in that trusting, intimate way I hadn't seen for so long; and a few days later the news came that the sponsor wanted to renew not only for the summer, but another year.

"Well, how about it?" Bob asked me that night. "Shall we keep the old Nexdoors on the air?" But his eyes told me that I'd already won my fight, and he knew my answer.

He kept his part of the bargain, too. This summer the Nexdoors went on a vacation, while a professional script writer kept the show on the air with the adventures of some of the Nexdoors' friends. Bob and I went away, high up in the mountains, where the air is sweet with pine and there are neither electric lights nor radio receiving sets.

And every day, as I wandered through the forests with the old Bob, and knew that he and I were both, once more, the two people who had fallen in love and married, I gave thanks for the accident that had made it impossible for me to do what other women, bored with their marriages, do so swiftly and easily—and thoughtlessly. I gave thanks that we hadn't dared to divorce!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, and MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1938.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Fred R. Sammis, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Tullio Mucelli, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Bernarr Macfadden, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) FRED R. SAMMIS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of September 1938.
(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH.
Notary Public Westchester County.
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 411
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 9 R 284
Commission expires March 30, 1939

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BERNARR MACFADDEN has been interested in the treatment of tuberculosis for more than fifty years. He was threatened with this disease as a boy. He cured himself through physical culture methods, but throughout all these years he has had to fight a tendency towards this terrible complaint. He has acquired invaluable knowledge in handling his own case in various emergencies, not counting the thousands of victims of this complaint with whom he has come in contact through his writings and through personal advice to sufferers.

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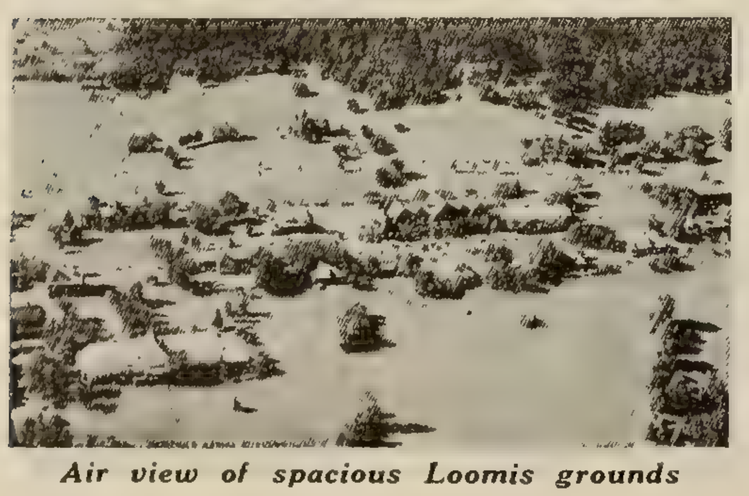
Write for further information, Bernarr Macfadden Foundation, Inc., Room 718, Bartholomew Bldg., 205 East 42nd Street, New York.



Air view of spacious Loomis grounds

Big Sister

(*Continued from page 14*)

"I'm inclined to disagree."

Ruth could see his face dimly now, as her eyes grew used to the darkness, and suddenly she knew that he had not been trying to cheer her up, after all. His gayety was the near-hysteria of a person in the deepest blackness of despair. He had given up. His fine level dark brows were divided by a deep crease, the sculptured lips were pulled taut and thin, marking his lean cheeks with two deep-cleft lines. Her heart swelled with tenderness.

"Dear," she whispered, coming close. "Your life is worth fighting for. You have too much to lose—"

"It's already lost. You know what all this means."

"I suppose so. The scene is set for us to be discovered in a compromising situation."

"That's just the beginning," he said through tense lips. "Norma's been trying to break me. This is ruin, financial and professional, for me. And for you—an ugly scandal to mess up your life."

"Don't worry about me. It's your career that counts. This wouldn't affect your place on the hospital staff?"

"Affect it! The head of the board has been watching for a good excuse to give my place to somebody more inclined to keep both eyes and mouth shut. Why, Ruth, I'd be lucky if I had a patient left when he got through with me."

"Not if your other patients feel like Ned does about you," Ruth said.

The tense lines about his mouth relaxed. "Ruth," he said, expressing the word as if it were a prayer. Then her hand slipped softly and lovingly into his, and at that moment he felt a warm surge of reassurance. Nothing mattered as long as Ruth stood by to comfort and console.

IT was when the door creaked that they came back to knowledge of the world that threatened them. Their hands dropped heavily to their sides, they stood apart and faced the door.

Norma Wayne's voice slashed the silence. "Isn't this a pretty scene!" she said in shrill sarcasm. "Love in a cottage!"

The stocky man behind her winked, his red, heavy-jowled face coy. "I wouldn't know about the pretty angle," he said, "but I'd say it was plenty adequate. It tells you all you need—"

"But you don't understand," Ruth said desperately. "We didn't come here of our own free will—"

"Oh no! Then it must have been your mad, uncontrollable infatuation, the strength of your longing that drove you!"

"Norma!" John took a step forward. "You can't talk to Ruth like that!"

"Can't I! The cheap, common little—"

There was more, much more, a violent, sordid tempest of vituperation. Ruth listened, her flaming face turned away, while Norma seized the situation as an excuse to pour out all the accumulated vitriol of her hatred and jealousy. Then, at last, it was over. The woman and her companion were gone, leaving the door open.

Ruth's face felt stiff and tired. Cold fingers of chill touched her spine. "John," she whispered, "she's—she's not normal. She's completely mad."

"Not completely," he corrected her wearily. "Not the legal kind. Just the kind that lets a woman get away with things like this."

Down the lane, a few minutes later, they found John's car, and in it, neatly folded, their clothes. He smiled at her wryly. "Considerate, aren't they?"

They dressed, then drove silently along the rutted, bumpy road.

"John!" Ruth screamed suddenly. "Stop!"

"What the—" They braced themselves for the shuddering shock as the car came to a sudden halt.

The headlights shone on an overturned car, its four wheels in the air like the paws of a helpless animal. Its front right corner was crushed and the scarred bole of a tree nearby told the rest of the story.

"IT looks like—" John flashed his light on the license plate. "It *is*—Norma's car." He jumped out, rushed to the wreckage, with Ruth at his shoulder. Bloodstains smeared the glass of the shattered windshield. But the dreaded sight of a crushed and crumpled body was missing.

"They must be in that house," Ruth said, pointing to dim lights ahead.

After an endless wait, a woman with a lamp opened the door of the unpainted frame shack. "You the doctor?" she asked.

"Yes." John brushed by her. "Where is she?"

"Right in here," the woman led him, muttering, "I don't see how he could have got hold of you so quick. It's half a mile to where he went to phone for an ambulance—"

"The doctor is her husband," Ruth explained while John bent over the still form on the bed. "We—we just happened to come along and see her car—" She drew the woman out of the squalid bedroom. "Where's the kitchen? He'll need hot water right away, all the clean cloths you can find."

She went back, to watch John, to wait while he made his examination. At last he straightened up.

"What is it, John? Is she—dead?"

"No, she's alive. But not much more. She is badly cut and has an arterial hemorrhage. She'll never survive the trip to the hospital."

"Then you'll have to do something—quickly?"

"Yes . . . but I'm not sure I should. I'm afraid. . . ."

"John! What do you mean?"

"Listen, Ruth. If I try to do anything — without sterile dressings, proper instruments, even sutures or haemostat clamps, she might die instantly."

"I see."

"I wonder how much you see. There are doctors, even under the best of circumstances, free of suspicion, in a good operating room, who don't want to touch their own families. And imagine what it would look like if Norma—who has just violently quarreled with me—should die under my hands."

"Oh!" Ruth breathed. And then: "But you can't let that stop you, John. Your bag—isn't it in the car? You'll make out with that. Don't wait a moment longer, John."

"She would have one chance, in a modern hospital, with adequate equip-

ment, expert assistance, under good hands. But we can't move her, we . . ."

"Go ahead, there are no hands better than John Wayne's."

"John Wayne—" he spoke slowly—"might be a very poor surgeon for Mrs. Wayne." He lifted his head, looked straight at her. "Let's face facts, Ruth. I don't trust myself. After all, a doctor is a human being. If Norma lives, your life is ruined, my career is smashed. How do I know that I would not be influenced unconsciously?"

"John, don't say that! We—"

"Here's a clean sheet, Doc." They whirled to see the woman standing there. How long had she been in the room? Ruth's heart contracted with a vague, premonitory fear. She should not have heard what John said. And she had heard. For she was staring at them, looking from one face to the other with a queer light in her eyes. "One sheet is all I had clean," she said flatly. Ruth's arm moved at last to take it.

"Are you going to operate on her?" the woman asked.

To Ruth the whole world was ringed around the cottage—a world of suspicious, menacing faces, waiting for the answer.

Will John have the courage to operate on his wife? Or will he take the easy way of waiting until the ambulance arrives? You'll find the answer in the second instalment of this dramatic serial. Meanwhile, follow the adventures of Big Sister, created by Lillian Lauserty, on CBS every morning except Saturday and Sunday.

Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40)

"For a while," confided manager Harry Romm, "I thought maybe I was at fault. I asked Will to tear up our contract. I thought he needed a new manager. But Will shook his head and said, 'Harry, if you quit me I'll hang up my baton for good.'"

After one of these huddles, Will spoke firmly. "Why we haven't clicked as we should cannot be answered by me. But I know this. I'm going to stick with this 'slide music' and gamble on swing music. The break must come soon."

I was present when Will made this statement. It had the ring of sincerity to it. If I played hunches and the numbers game, I'd pick 2,059,898.

* * *

Listeners to Vincent Lopez's dance sessions from Billy Rose's Casa Manana via MBS and CBS, know why the piano playing conductor has stayed pretty close to the top of the heap. Lopez isn't afraid to change horses in midstream. Vince was talking about it between shows.

"I am often asked this question: 'You swing bands are supposed to play dance music. Yet many jitterbugs often skip the hopping and bouncing about to watch the musicians give out.' The answer is simple. Swing music has reached its peak. It now has the status of a full fledged art, powerful enough to command 'spectator' as well as 'participant' interest. Of course my reference to swing as an art will be scoffed at. I doubt whether any of the scoffers would back up their judgment to the extent of $50,000. I went that far in backing mine."

Last year Lopez went on the road, conducted an informal survey among dancers. He discovered the dancers wanted hot music and plenty of it.

When Lopez got back to New York he gave most of his men their notice. Only three men of the original men were retained—drummer Johnny Morris, violinist Nick Pisani and whistler Fred Lowery.

That's where the $50,000 investment comes in. Arrangements worth fully that amount were tossed out the window. They were of little use to Vincent now. He had to assemble a brand-new swing library.

Last but not least he hired a bundle of blonde dynamite named Betty Hutton; labeled her "the country's number one jitterbug."

Only one tune remained intact in the Lopez log. A tune called "Nola."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet:

My Heart Is Unemployed; How Long Can Love Keep Laughing (Brunswick—8129) Eddy Duchin—Sophisticated sweetness from the new Broadway revue, "Sing Out the News."

Ya Got Me; No Place Like Your Arms (Brunswick 8220) Kay Kyser—Saucy Sully Mason gets an "A" on his Musical Quizz report card for able vocalizing.

Garden of the Moon; Whirling Dervish (Victor 26047A) Skinnay Ennis. Hal Kemp's erstwhile drummer boy reveals his new orchestra with a clever pair of Claude Thornhill arrangements.

F.D.R. Jones; Heart Is Unemployed (Victor—26038B) Hal Kemp. An exciting tune embellished with a rip-roaring arrangement in staccato style. It's the record of the month.

Some Like It Swing:

Lambeth Walk; Prelude To a Kiss (Brunswick 8204m) Duke Ellington—Of all things here's the Harlem Duke playing a British tune. The combination is a happy one.

Blues in Your Flat; Blues in My Flat (Victor—26044A) Benny Goodman. Indigo swing marred only by its similarity to several superior Ellington renditions of another day.

Since My Best Gal Turned Me Down; Sorry (Vocalion 3149) Bix Beiderbecke. A reissue of two unhappy recordings by the immortal Bix, the Lincoln of jazz. Recommended to curiosity-seekers.

Zig Zag; Summer Souvenirs (Victor 26042B) Larry Clinton. Clinton comes back with a snappy pair after several dismal attempts.

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
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122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

My favorite orchestra is.....

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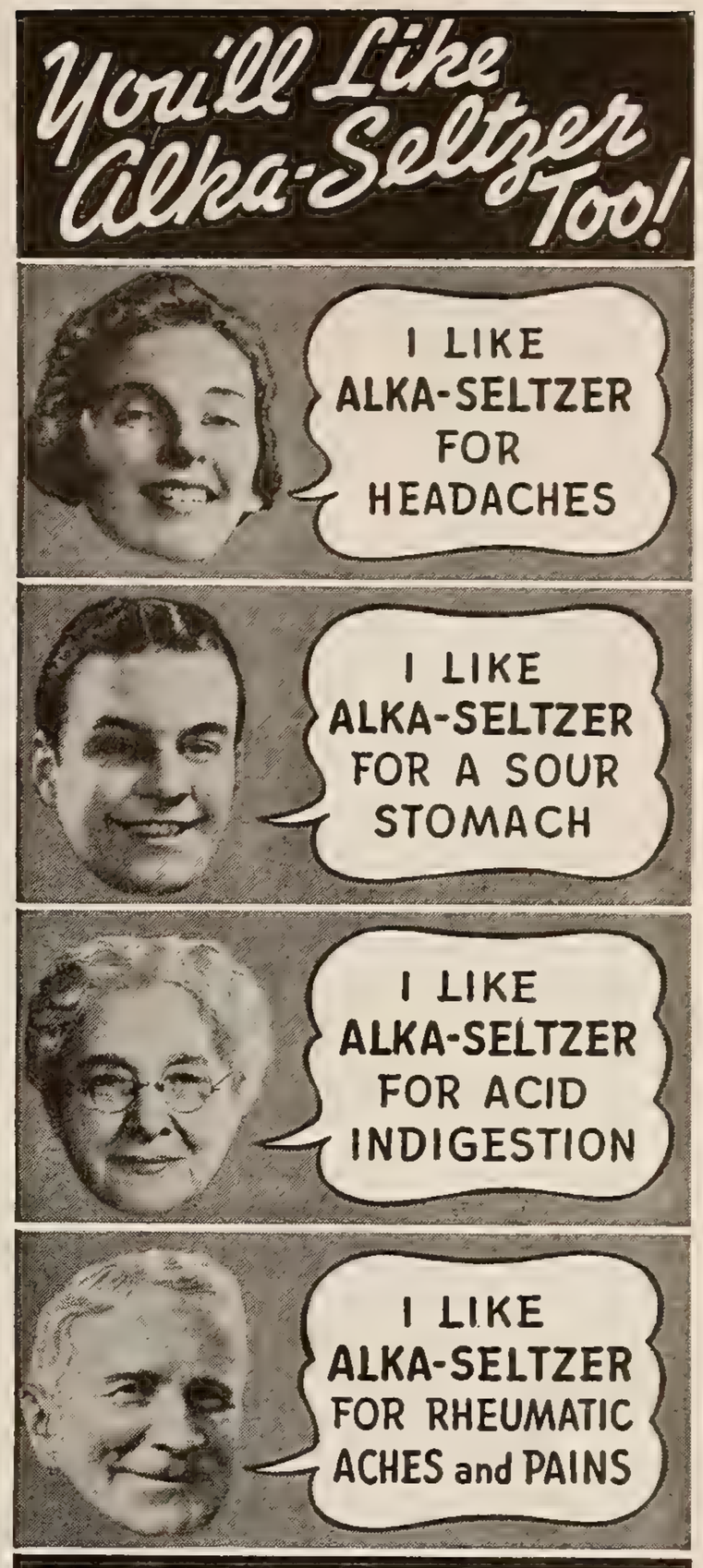


Answers to Radio Mirror's Mammoth Quiz

VOX POP

1. Marshall Field III.
2. An island off the east coast of Africa.
3. Architect.
4. Gracie Allen.
5. Vincent Van Gogh.
6. The Taj Mahal.
7. The letters are L (or M), B, T, P, J.
8. "Robin Hood"—Errol Flynn. "Of Human Bondage"—Bette Davis. "David Copperfield"—W. C. Fields. "Back Street"—Irene Dunne. "Of Human Hearts"—James Stewart.
9. Of the United States: "The Star Spangled Banner."
10. The pole is a remnant of the old days when barbers were also surgeons: the red stands for blood and the white for bandages.

TRUE OR FALSE

1. False: it was Harvard.
2. False: he led the Quakers.
3. True.
4. False: all are rabbits.
5. True.
6. False: Howard Spring wrote "My Son, My Son!" Hertzler wrote "The Horse and Buggy Doctor."
7. False: it was Premier Hodza.
8. True: the succession of rank is Colonel, Brigadier General, Major General, Lieutenant General, General.
9. True.
10. False: M-G-M is in Culver City, Warner Brothers in Burbank, and Universal in Universal City, but none of them are in Hollywood.

KAY KYSER'S MUSICAL CLASS

1. "Moonlight and Roses"; "Rose of Washington Square"; "Rose Marie"; "Only a Rose"; "Beautiful Garden of Roses"; "My Wild Irish Rose"; "Rose of Tralee"; "The Heart of a Rose"; "Rose of No Man's Land."
2. Tommy Dorsey—with a trombone; Eddy Duchin—from the piano; Guy Lombardo—with a violin; Gene Krupa—from the drums; Art Shaw and Benny Goodman—with a clarinet; Bunny Berigan—with a trumpet.
3. You could pick any of these: "Kathleen Mavourneen"; "Ireland Must Be Heaven"; "Where the River Shannon Flows"; "Mother Machree"; "The Wearing of the Green"; "My Wild Irish Rose"; "Rose of Tralee."
4. "Where the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day"—Bing Crosby. "My Time Is Your Time"—Rudy Vallee. "Gettin' Sentimental Over You"—Tommy Dorsey. "Smile, Darn You, Smile"—Town Hall Tonight. "Rhapsody in Blue"—Paul Whiteman. "Happy Days Are Here Again"—Your Hit Parade. And others.
5. (a) "Who Is Sylvia?" (b) "Love's Old Sweet Song."

PROFESSOR QUIZ

1. When he is an Earl. Earls' wives, as well as Counts' wives, are called Countesses.
2. The journey would take Jones seven hours and Smith four hours. Therefore Jones would have to leave home at 8:00 A. M., and Smith at 11:00 A. M.
3. Either the cannon-ball would prove not to be going with irresistible force or the post would prove not to be immovable. An irresistible force and an immovable object can't exist together, because if a force is irresistible, nothing could stand up against it, hence there could be nothing immovable. Likewise, if an object was absolutely immovable, it couldn't be moved by any force, hence there could be no irresistible force. So one or the other would have to give way.
4. 1066—the Battle of Hastings and the Norman Conquest of England. 1215—signing of the Magna Charta. 1492—Columbus' discovery of America. 1781—Cornwallis surrenders at Yorktown. 1861—the outbreak of the war between the States.
5. The children would just be your nephews and nieces—the same as if your brother had married anyone else.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

1. Leander; Abelard; Beatrice; Melisande; Isolde.
2. (a) Footprints on the sands of time.
   (b) Kissed them and put them there.
   (c) The saddest are these: "It might have been!"
   (d) To see ourselves as others see us!
   (e) Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer.
3. "The Thin Man"; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"; "To the Victor"; "Storm in a Teacup"; "The Awful Truth"; "The Call of the Wild"; "A Dog of Flanders"; "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—these are some. You'll probably think of others.
4. Montague; Nickleby; Sharp or Thatcher; Schofield; Cratchit.
5. All are slang expressions for small change or small wages.
6. (a) An unsophisticated young girl; (b) describes one who has been punched or knocked around so much that he's in a daze; (c) amateurs; (d) simple, appealing to the most elemental emotions and not at all to the intellect; full of hokum; (e) the man who does the actual killing for a gang or mob.
7. "Lloyds of London"; "One in a Million"; "Algiers"; 'Private Worlds"; "Only Yesterday."
8. There are lots of such expressions: here are a few. From the frying pan into the fire. A new broom sweeps clean. As like as two peas in a pod. Bright as a button. Sharp as a knife. Fork it over. Neat as paint. The used key is always bright.
9. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; "The Late Christopher Bean"; "His Majesty, Bunker Bean"; "If I Have Four Apples"; "Alien Corn"; "The Cherry Orchard"; "Fashion Is Spinach"; "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"; "Riders of the Purple Sage." You may think of others as well.
10. "Prosit"; "Good health"; "Down the hatch"; "Here's looking at you"; "Skoal."

THE ASK-IT-BASKET

1. "It's time to retire." "Eventually—why not now?" "Ask the man who owns one." "It beats as it sweeps as it cleans." "Hasn't scratched yet."
2. "Bon jour."
3. Canoe; kayak; outrigger canoe; galley; gondola.
4. Any two of the following: England, France, Holland, Cuba, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Chile, Panama.
5. Fred Allen, Wednesday; W. J. Cameron, Sunday; Bob Burns, Thursday; Bob Hope, Tuesday; Frances Langford, Friday.

RADIO MIRROR'S QUESTIONS

1. Secretary of State Cordell Hull; Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau; Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring; Attorney General Homer S. Cummings; Postmaster General James A. Farley; Secretary of the Navy Claude A. Swanson; Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes; Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace; Secretary of Commerce Daniel C. Roper; Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins.
2. Colombia, Venezuela, British Guiana, Dutch Guiana, French Guiana, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil, Chile, Bolivia, Paraguay, Argentina, Uruguay.
3. The diamond, found mostly at Kimberley, South Africa.
4. Lady Nancy Astor—born in Virginia.
5. "La Traviata"; "Carmen"; "Salome"; "Pagliacci"; "The Flying Dutchman."

BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, will also be open during the winter, with accommodations at greatly reduced prices, for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanitarium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest, most scientific medical procedures can be secured here for the treatment, in all stages, of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School for boys and girls from three to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

Avoiding Winter Colds

(*Continued from page 7*)

easy prey to colds. Some people, upon returning to the city in the fall from a summer spent in the country, invariably have colds. However, the danger here is not great unless you are in the habit of breathing through your mouth—a practice which, incidentally, is always apt to lead to a greater susceptibility to colds. The nose is equipped to filter, warm, and moisten the air; the mouth is not, and air drawn in through it is apt to irritate the mucous membranes and carry a larger percentage of germs into the respiratory tract. Another argument against mouth breathing is that the oxygen in the air is more easily assimilated by the blood when it is warm.

A GREAT predisposing factor toward colds is fatigue. In fact, a good rule is to avoid fatigue as you would infection itself. Plenty of sleep, a proper amount of recreation, and regular hours will go a long way toward insuring you a healthy winter.

Every physician knows that the high-strung, temperamental person is more susceptible to colds than the phlegmatic, hard-to-excite person. The connection here is not fully understood, but it may confidently be stated that there is a definite connection between the nervous condition and a predisposition to colds. For this reason, you should be sure to keep your nerves toned up, and moderate exercise, either indoors or out but preferably out, is the best way to do this. Other recreations, such as reading, listening to the radio, watching football games—anything that tends to take your mind off your worries without exciting you too much—are useful for this purpose.

Changes in temperature, of course, are responsible for many a cold. But it is also true that *unequal* chilling is the most dangerous factor. More colds are contracted indoors than out. A draft in an overheated room will give you a cold when a walk in the icy air would not bother you at all. The reason for this is that the body has a method of regulating its temperature all over—but it is asking too much to expect it to regulate the temperature of small isolated parts. A sudden blast of cold air, all over your body, is immediately compensated for by the body's heating machinery, but a draft on the back of your neck, or a wetting of your feet, results in a chill, which in turn lowers your resistance to colds.

Some people can train their skins to resist sudden changes in temperature. The best method is a cold shower following your warm bath, in the morning if possible, although it can be delayed until evening if necessary.

After your shower, give yourself a brisk rub-down with a towel, which also helps to toughen your skin. Massages, if you can afford them, and sun-lamp treatments are two more things which will tone up the skin and make it less sensitive to change in temperature.

Get plenty of fresh air, or as much of it as you can, at least; and sleep with the windows open. Most American homes are overheated, and dry, hot air tends to dry the mucous membranes; so if you feel any irritation or stuffiness in your home devise a way to moisten the air and provide better ventilation. A pan of water on the radiator will help to moisten the air, and a ventilator of some sort placed in one of the windows will usually provide ventilation.

What sort of clothes should you wear to help you avoid colds? Obviously, just enough to keep you comfortable at all times. If your work exposes you to the cold a great deal, wear heavy underwear, plenty of wraps, warm stockings and stout shoes. On the other hand, if you are indoors most of the time, your underwear should be light, so that you won't become overheated, while you should have wraps of different weights for use outdoors. Watch the weather and adapt your clothes to it.

The digestive system has its effect upon your susceptibility to colds. If you are particularly apt to catch them, avoid overeating.

Frequent sufferers from colds should consult their physician or a nose and throat specialist, who will examine them and discover whether or not there is some obstruction present which prevents proper respiration and causes congestion in the nasal passages.

But suppose, in spite of all your care, you do feel a cold coming on. There's a good chance, if you act quickly, of limiting the damage it may do.

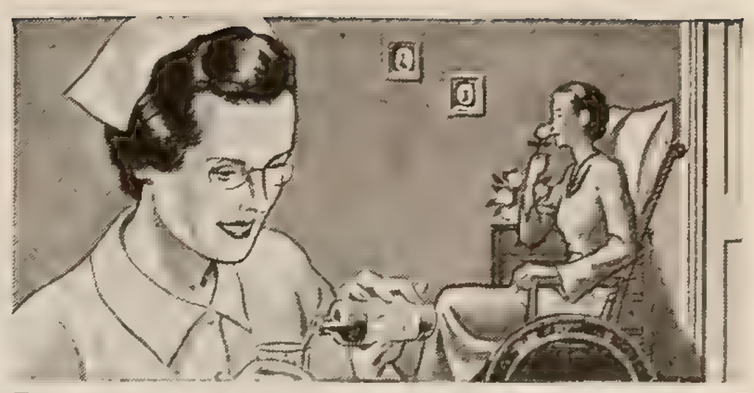
TO check a cold before it has got a real foothold, no better method has ever been devised than the "old-fashioned" way, favored by our grandmothers. Briefly, this is to give the patient a hot bath or hot footbath for twenty to thirty minutes. Follow this with a hot lemonade. Then put him to bed under two or three extra blankets. The whole purpose of the procedure, of course, is to induce a lavish perspiration. A Turkish bath would do as well, provided that care is taken not to become chilled upon leaving the bath.

Perhaps this treatment will not check the cold, and if it does not, you should, as far as possible, remain in your bed or at least indoors, avoid any further exposure to cold temperatures, keep to a simple diet, and call a doctor if the cold is accompanied by a fever. In any case, call a doctor if the cold has not run its course in ten days, since if it lasts longer it may be more serious.

An excellent way of relieving the congestion in your nasal passages while you have a cold is to use steam. Either inhale steam by bending over a pan of hot water with a towel covering both your head and the pan, or, if possible, fill the atmosphere of the sick room so full of steam as almost to be uncomfortable to other persons.

A person who is suffering from a cold should also take care not to blow his nose vigorously—in fact, vigorous blowing is at all times a bad practice, and should be discouraged.

The really important thing, to sum up, in avoiding colds, is to keep the body warm and comfortable, free from fatigue and nerve strain, and in healthy working order. Insofar as you succeed in this aim, you will be less likely to catch cold.



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LAST MONTH UNKNOWN—*NEXT MONTH OUR COVER MODEL!*

TRUE STORY SEEKS NEW COVER BEAUTIES

The honor of having a portrait appear upon the front cover of True Story Magazine, with its more than two and a half million circulation from coast to coast, is eagerly sought by famous beauties of the stage and screen. It is a position beyond price. Yet by entering your portrait in this offer you may achieve this honor, together with a trip to New York with all expenses paid and a check for One Hundred Dollars in addition! Think of the thrill of being selected for the position so many noted beauties never reach!

Think of the thrill awaiting a hitherto unsung beauty in Philadelphia whose portrait in full colors will grace next month's True Story cover! Her picture was among those entered in the first month's competition. The judges agreed upon it and—in that moment—all the possibilities of a delightful new career were hers to claim. You can read all about her in the February issue. In the meantime your photograph may win similar recognition for you. Send it in right now.

Further, at the end of twelve months, the editors will designate the most charming of all the dozen cover models as Miss True Story. And what glowing possibilities for greater recognition that will provide!

You need not fear the competition of professional beauties here. No professional beauties may enter.

Married or single, you are equally eligible for the honor True Story will bestow. Blonde, brunette and auburn types have equal opportunity. No matter what your occupation or where you live, you may possess beauty that will reproduce as glamorously as any of the most sought-after models.

And if it happens that after becoming a True Story Cover model you desire to develop a career in this glamorous field, think of the possibilities that will be open before you! Your beauty will have been brought to the attention of artists, art directors, motion picture producers, casting directors and Broadway theatrical producers. The possibilities are almost breath-taking in their glorious promise.

All of this *can* happen as a result of the simple process of sending your picture to True Story!

Make sure we receive it—the rules on this page explain exactly how and where to send it. If you are chosen, True Story will invite you to New York from wherever you happen to be, paying your transportation *and all expenses* to pose for a color portrait in our famous photographic studios. You will also receive a check for $100 upon acceptance of the invitation. Seriously, Miss or Mrs. Unknown Beauty, consider what it would mean to you to win this honor and—SEND YOUR PORTRAIT TO TRUE STORY TODAY!

PHOTOGRAPHERS ATTENTION!

In addition to the rewards awaiting the unknown beauty as a result of this offer, True Story will pay a cash award of $25.00 to the person who snaps the picture upon which the selection of this month's winner is based. This special award is open to amateur and studio photographers alike. Anyone may earn it. Therefore be alert for subjects. You may be the discoverer of a cover model!

AMERICAN BEAUTY CONTEST RULES

1. ANY girl or young woman resident of the United States or Canada, fifteen years of age or over, may compete except professional models, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

2. To enter simply submit your portrait, full face or profile. A studio portrait or snapshot enlargement not smaller than 4 x 5 inches is acceptable. You may submit as many poses as you wish.

3. On the back of every portrait submitted must be pasted the official entry coupon No. 4, clipped from True Story Magazine and with all information properly filled in.

4. The judges will be the editors of True Story Magazine and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of the wholesomeness, personality and beauty of feature captured by the portraits.

6. On this basis the winner will be selected and will be awarded a trip *with all expenses paid,* to pose for a color photograph portrait in True Story's famous New York City studios. In addition you will receive $100 upon acceptance of the invitation.

7. It is agreed that the resulting portrait will be used as a cover design for True Story Magazine.

8. No entries will be returned. Submit all entries by First Class Mail to True Story American Beauty Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., on or before Monday, January 16, the closing date of this contest.

OFFICIAL ENTRY COUPON No. 4 RM

True Story Magazine's American Beauty Contest

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE
AMERICAN BEAUTY CONTEST Date.....

P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please enter my portrait in your January contest. I have read the rules and I understand that this portrait will not be returned to me.

My Age.....Weight.....Height.....Eyes.....

Hair.....Married.....Single.....Occupation.....

My Name.....

Street No.....City.....State.....

Making Monogamy Work

(*Continued from page* 18)

told me that a visit to a physician had not been necessary. Thanks to her ability to face the facts squarely, they are now a happily married couple.

Financial inability has naturally been very much to the fore during the past ten years as a cause for marital strife and divorce. On the surface, of course, it appears to be a fault that should generally be charged to the man. But if you look more deeply you'll often find other angles to it, startlingly different angles, I might add. For example—

"My wife is running around with a wild crowd," Frank G—— stated coldly. He explained that his wife didn't come home until two or three o'clock in the morning. He didn't know whether she had actually been unfaithful to him or not—but he wondered.

THIS crowd, he happened to know, treated "affairs" casually, as something of little importance. Such an attitude could not fail to make an impression on a young and pretty wife.

"I have remonstrated with her several times," he continued. "But she says I've been having my fun, and she thinks it's time she had hers. Fun! I wonder what she thinks my fun is! I have a small business of my own, and I work hard, day after day, frequently late into the evening. I've had a tough time, these last few years, and it's taken all the energy and ingenuity I possessed just to keep going.

"My wife knows all this. At least—she *did* know it. She was always loyal and sympathetic and never complained about being left alone evenings, because she understood. But lately—well, she has changed so I hardly know her."

Without mincing words I told Frank that he must realize the fault originally lay with himself. With the best motives in the world he had estranged his wife, set her apart from himself, pushed her into a life of her own in which he had no part.

"She looked to you for the companionship every woman has a right to demand in marriage," I explained. "Failing to find it, because you were too engrossed in business to give her the time and attention she needed, she found it elsewhere. This wild crowd, unfortunately, happened to be close at hand and convenient.

"I think you have missed the point of her reference to the 'fun' you've had. Strange as this may seem to you, your wife is actually envious of you! *You* know that your work is full of drudgery, worries, and countless small irritations—but *she* doesn't. She pictures your life as full, rich and exciting, in comparison with her own drab round of household duties.

"It is still not too late to save your marriage, but you will have to work fast. Even if you have to suffer financially from it, for a while, give up that evening work! Take your wife to the theater and the movies. Invite friends to your home. Don't criticize her wild crowd and don't nag her about it, but try subtly to wean her away from those harmful acquaintances. Become a part of her, ask her advice. And in turn, show a lively interest in *her* affairs—her clothes, her new coiffure, her cooking. You'll be surprised how quickly she will respond!"

And then, at last, we come to that "commonest" cause of divorce—infidelity. Of course, most people don't know what infidelity actually is. Casual flirtations or even "affairs" do not, in themselves, constitute infidelity. In most cases these momentary lapses occur as the result of passing impulse.

Mrs. Judith W—— walked into my office one morning and began to cry. I immediately guessed what the matter was—most of these cases begin with grand emotional outbursts and usually end in tearful reconciliations. When she had regained control of herself she told me that the night before she had found her husband making love to one of her friends at a country club dance.

I began to ask questions. Had she caught her husband having other affairs in the past? No. Did she know whether he was actually in love with any other woman? Again no. Did she feel that he had lost his love for her? And again, the answer was no.

"In other words," I said, "you're angry and hurt because he's indulged in this casual affair. Isn't that so?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Have you any children?"

"Three. Two boys and a girl."

"Would you be willing to break up your home, deprive these children of their father, because of what you found out last night?"

"No, of course not!"

"And that, Mrs. W——," I said, "is your answer, based on your sound womanly instincts, not on your false reasoning. The fact of the matter is that your husband has not really been unfaithful to you at all. That he may have had a casual affair, or even a dozen, doesn't make so great a difference to me as that he hasn't lost his love for you. So long as that remains he's still faithful to you. These various escapades of his can be corrected. It's up to you to do it with understanding, tact, cleverness. Reawaken his interest in you and he won't even look at another woman. Hold him with love, not force."

IT took some time to convince her of the truth of this viewpoint, but finally I did, and sent her away a considerably happier—and, I believe, wiser—woman.

Reduced to their barest fundamentals, all these factors of marital discord prove just one thing—that to make monogamy work, observe the good old Golden Rule: Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. And that is really only another way of saying, Behave like a gentleman and gentlewoman at all times. The secret of a successful marriage is in living up to the unwritten Gentleman's Agreement that is the foundation of the partnership between husband and wife. It is only when temperamental or physical clashes obscure this basic truth that trouble occurs. And when that happens it is the duty of the husband and wife to examine themselves frankly and honestly, and make an effort to settle their differences. Upon the degree of their sincerity and honesty will depend their success.

COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough . . .

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

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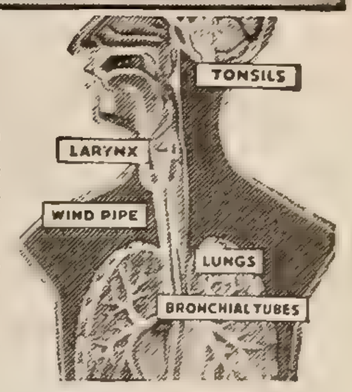
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



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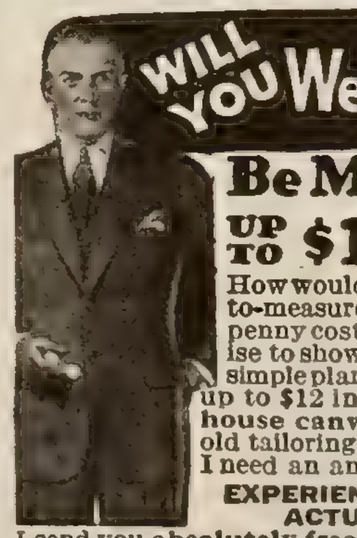

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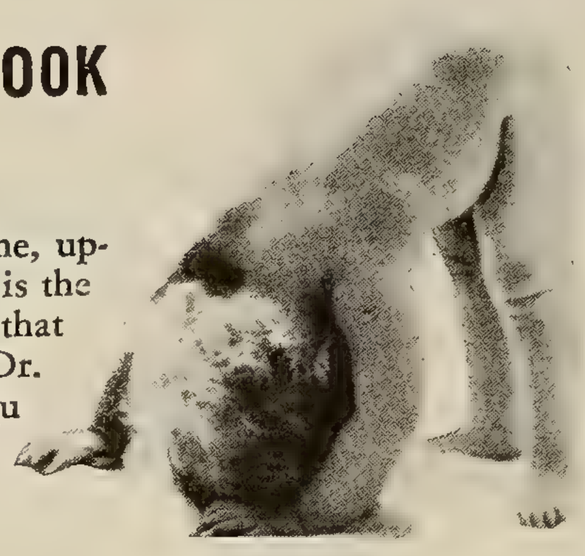
In Physical Culture Magazine for January Bernarr Macfadden, Founder of Physical Culture, reveals one of the few really fundamental laws governing feminine beauty. No woman desiring to develop her charm and beauty to the utmost should fail to read this illuminating feature, "Feminine Beauty Depends Upon Glandular Activity." The January issue of Physical Culture is now on sale. Get your copy today.

HOW WILL YOUR BABIES LOOK IN TWENTY YEARS?

If you want your babies to develop into fine, upstanding, well poised men and women now is the time to begin the training which will assure that result. In Physical Culture for January Dr. Mary Halton, famous baby specialist, tells you how. Get your copy of Physical Culture today, read, "Good Posture Begins in Babyhood" and let your babies profit by the excellent advice Dr. Halton gives.



ARE YOUR CHILDREN AFRAID OF THE DARK?

Fear in adult life almost invariably can be traced back to corresponding fears in childhood. Therefore, if your children are afraid of their school teachers, the dark, or other harmless things corrective steps should be taken immediately. How to dissipate childhood fears is explained by V. F. Calverton in Physical Culture for January. His article titled "Why We Are Afraid" will be a great help to every parent of children obsessed with needless fears. For the good of your children do not fail to read it.

BEWARE THE X-RAY RACKET!

Because of the great number of "quacks" in the X-Ray profession, Wilbur George, expert X-Ray technician, reveals how you can distinguish the "quack" from the capable practitioner. In proper hands a great aid in diagnosis, in the wrong hands X-Ray can be a great menace. So protect yourself by reading Mr. George's amazing exposé. You will find it in Physical Culture for January, now on sale.

Photo courtesy of Macfadden-Deauville X-Ray Health Building Dept.

Now On Sale

No habit that you could acquire could be of more benefit to you than the habit of reading Physical Culture every month. For over forty years it has been a counsellor tried and true in assisting millions of people to solve their personal problems and helping them to develop a pattern of living that assures the most in health, happiness, personal efficiency and longevity. There is no other magazine like Physical Culture. Buy a copy of the January issue today and each month hereafter.

* * *

WHY FEAR CHILDBIRTH?

After all, childbirth is as natural as breathing. Nature never intended it to be the bugaboo it has become. Much can be done in advance to make it harmless. What those things are, are explained in illuminating detail in Physical Culture for January. If you expect to become a mother be sure to read "Painless Childbirth for Every Mother," follow the author's advice—and quit worrying.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FOOD YOU EAT?

You will do yourself and family a great favor if you read Dr. Rasmus Alsaker's article, "Food Combinations to a Safe Diet," appearing in Physical Culture for January. The subject is interesting and vastly important to prolonged health. The rules laid down by this great authority are fundamental and easily followed—truly a wealth of information about a vital subject. Do not miss it.

YOUR HEALTH QUESTIONS ANSWERED GLADLY!

Each month Physical Culture conducts an important department devoted to answering the health questions of its readers. Among the subjects discussed in the January issue are rheumatism, chapped hands, hives, exercise during menstruation and increasing the height of adults. Perhaps one or more of these problems are your problems too. But whatever your problems may be, you are free to write to Physical Culture regarding them. The January issue gives full particulars.

Also in the January Issue

The Man Who Succeeded in Failing • Health for 30,000,000 Workers • Stretch Yourself into Shape (Women's exercise article by Helen Macfadden) • The Body Beautiful (Men's pictorial) • Health Plays the Lead (interview with Walter Pidgeon by Bernarr Macfadden) • Beauty Tips for Miss-In-Between • My Victory Over Infantile Paralysis • New Steps in Cancer Diagnosis • Physical Culture Nutrition Department and many other helpful articles, features and departments.

Physical Culture

Adventurer in Top Hat

(*Continued from page 29*)

him, in genuine awe, as a man whose erudition he says is "incredible."

The actual writing of the daily broadcasts is done alternately by Sherwin and Buranelli. But Thomas averages two to three hours daily in digesting the news and arranging the pattern for the broadcasts.

His voicing of the Movie-tone, however, is almost entirely his own job.

The thirty Thomas books, with the exception of "Lawrence of Arabia" and "The Sea Devil," which he hammered out unassisted on his portable, have been somewhat on a production basis. That is, collections like "Tall Stories" and "Fan Mail" are assembled jobs, the material taken from the radio mail, put together by his staff along lines laid out by Lowell, and with his own introduction.

As to the opuses signed by Thomas as author, not merely as editor, he cheerfully concedes that, with the exceptions noted above, they have been collaborations. Which is to say that he has supplied the ideas and the material and—on the average—two thirds of the wordage.

There seems to be that much basis, and no more, for the legend among less prolific writers, that Lowell never sees his books until he signs them. Like most debunking, it's the bunk.

He is five feet ten, weighs 150 pounds, and has the slim springy figure he had at twenty-five. He doesn't diet and his particular food passion, sweet potatoes, doesn't affect his outline.

Though his Five Day Week is largely indoors, his color is the kind you get in the great open spaces. Unlike his body, however, his face doesn't deny a year of his forty-six. It has tired lines about cool gray eyes, though the eyes aren't tired. There's a freshly-massaged look to his complexion, and that is very odd because he has never had a massage. He has no valet. He thinks it revolting for a man to have two or three people "pawing him over" in a barber's chair, so he shaves and manicures himself, and goes to the barber shop only to get a trim for his hair.

HE is one of the world's greatest listeners, and though talking has always been his business, what he sells through speech he got by listening. He is immensely interested in all kinds of people and what they have to say, he even enjoys bores through analyzing what makes them bores.

He is expansively sociable, and his largest extravagance is tossing huge parties. His idea of a nice informal supper is one with fifty to two hundred guests. Yet his closest associates say he is rather a lonely soul. A life of Drive, though stimulating, leaves little leisure for that peculiar intimacy lazier men get out of idle, comradely hours.

He has the same wife he—and this chronicle—started with, and they have a fifteen-year-old son who is five feet nine and outweighs his father. The boy is the youngest Colonel the Knickerbocker Greys (Junior Seventh Regiment) ever had, and is a good student, but not as excited as his father was over school. Lowell would like to send him to all the universities of the world in succession, but says that the boy plans to stay at Pawling and be a hill-billy.

What Thomas earns only his staff and the income tax department know. Lowell claims *he* doesn't "because, as long as I have enough to go on with the next plan I forget what I made out of the last." We-el, anyhow, that's his story.

But as radio salaries go, if Lowell is getting less than $3,000 a week, he is underpaid. And he isn't in the habit of being underpaid.

Movie salaries are not exactly hay, and $1,000 a week for those two news reels is no underestimate.

His books—though he's written fewer the last four or five years—bring in more than the average income of a successful author who does nothing but write. His magazine prices are not high, but he doesn't give his articles away.

TO estimate his earnings from these various sources, together with his commercial films and other flotsam and jetsam, at $1,500 a week is to be very conservative.

A guess at a $250,000 a year gross requires a minimum of imagination.

Out of this—or what is left of it after New York and Washington take their cut—he pays a staff of six people in New York, and twenty or more in Pawling. He maintains his office in Radio City, and an apartment that costs him at least seven thousand a year. The Pawling Estate pays its own running expenses, but it still takes fifteen or twenty thousand in overhead and write-offs.

He has five cars, the house at Pawling has thirty rooms, and the estate has two swimming pools, a baseball field, and a tennis court. His dozen suits are tailor-made, but not at more than $100. He likes gray-blue herringbones, which are conservative of pattern, but rather collegiate in cut.

On skis and ski-costumes he goes haywire. He has six sets of skis which cost him $50.00 a set. He loves polychrome sweaters, mackinaws and parkas at $40 and up. His skiing shoes are made to order in Austria and mean money.

He spends handsomely for what he wants, but doesn't swank. He has no interest in Society with the Capital S. In relation to his enormous income his scale of living is provident, but his history shows that he'll borrow rather than economize.

As a natural concomitant of financial success, his associations are largely with Successes. But he still cherishes the friends he made on the way up, and, what is more, they still feel the same way.

The pretty nearly unanimous testimony of the witnesses who knew him when and know him now is that Lowell Thomas is, in Jurgen's phrase, a Very Remarkable Fellow.

As a Salesman—terrific, as a Person, a Right Guy.

There is only one thing about Lowell Thomas that is very, very hard to take.

He makes each and all of us moderately industrious—so WE think—workers feel like the Ai, or giant sloth.

We figure we have lots of time and resent Lowell's realization that it isn't so long until tomorrow.

The End.

"Everyone gives me different advice about my baby—I'm all mixed up!"

Here's a suggestion for young mothers who are overwhelmed with all kinds of advice from well-meaning friends and relatives, but advice that is not always tried and proved. You can have the expert advice of five leading American infant specialists, who have prepared the official U. S. Children's Bureau book "Infant Care." The book is yours for only 10 cents, the price charged by the Government Printing Office at Washington. This magazine makes no profit on the book.

138 pages, well illustrated, "Infant Care" tells how to feed, clothe, train, bathe, and care for the baby from cradle to first tooth. A complete index makes it easy to find the answer to almost any problem. Send

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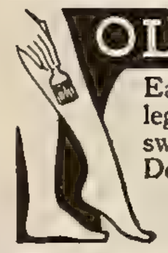

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YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

What's New from Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 39)

highways and byways of lower Dixie.

The Mountaineers get up early every day for their regular 7:45 A. M. broadcast. After it, they take a brief recess and then rehearse for the next day—after which they go on the air again at 12:45. And somehow or other they frequently find time to load themselves into their big car and drive anywhere from one to three hundred miles to keep a personal-appearance date at night. After the evening's performance, they drive all the way back to Columbia for next morning's broadcast. Not many network stars can claim that they're half as busy.

* * *

BOSTON—New England hockey fans, every Sunday and Tuesday evening, tune in to the broadcasts of their favorite game, announced by Frank Ryan and heard over WAAB and the Yankee network.

Ryan, an ex-newspaper man, is now the secretary of the Boston Bruins, one of the noted hockey teams in the United States, and the American team that perhaps more than any other is responsible for popularizing this winter sport.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA—Theater owners, congressmen, and self-appointed reformers can go right on taking pot-shots at radio, but apparently the average listener is pretty well satisfied with his ear fare. At least, that's the result of a "man-in-the-street" survey made by Philadelphia's station WFIL.

Out of all the people interviewed by WFIL's announcers Don Martin and Roy LaPlante, ninety-two per-cent said they liked present-day radio and didn't see what could be done to make it any better. The only serious criticism they had was that commercials are frequently too long and too wordy.

* * *

Here's good news for everybody who has ever tried to put up a radio aerial. There's a new one on the market that goes up without any poles, supports, or guy wires. It's a bronze mast, not a long length of wire, and it mounts vertically on any suitable surface—a cornice, window frame, garage, or what have you that's handy. It's supposed to give better reception than the old "clothes-line type of aerial, too.

* * *

RENO, Nevada—Radio really goes western in Reno. Cowboy hats and underslung heels, mountain door and coyotes! That's the studio of KOH, in Reno, Nevada.

There's no formality at KOH, no deep-pile carpets, no uniformed flunkies, no cards of admission required. Just walk in, and you're welcome.

KOH isn't a large station, but it does have an imposing guestbook. A good many celebrities, visiting Reno, have welcomed the chance to drop in at KOH and chat informally with the listeners. Manager Wallie Warren has led such people as Vernon "Lefty" Gomez, Sammy Cohen, on tour with his band, and Cliff Edwards ("Ukulele Ike") up to his microphone.

But KOH's strangest function is as an unofficial, confidential information bureau for the Nevada divorce mart. So many letters have come to the station from other states, asking about how to get divorces, that at last KOH prepared a form letter to be sent out, giving all the necessary information on how to become a member of the "separatist colony."

KOH doesn't interview divorcees on the air, but it does have a marriage-license program. After all, Reno boasts eight marriages to every divorce granted in its famous court house, and KOH often asks the young couples to tell the world about their romances. Another program you'd hear only on a western station took place not long ago, when a mountain deer from the high Sierras was brought in for a special stunt broadcast.

Dispensing mining news is one of KOH's most important jobs, since Nevada is predominantly a mining state, and many are the new "discoveries" which have first been made public over KOH's wavelength. Reports of storms and road conditions in this mountainous region are also of prime importance—before radio-equipped cars were common, many deaths occurred during blizzards, for once started along a narrow mountain road, a motorist had to keep going until he found the way blocked. The KOH road reports help to avoid these tragedies now.

Hollywood Radio Whispers

(*Continued from page* 35)

Broekman's music is good, and loud.

* * *

You can take it from me, Myrna Loy is going to do a radio program. She has already notified her studio that she is looking for the right radio script.

* * *

Eddie Cantor enjoys saying: "This is my daughter, Mrs. McHugh."

* * *

When Jack Benny was congratulated on "Seven Keys to Baldpate," he said . . . "It's just the ham in me. Once a year I have to ham up a good play and get it out of my system." And who wouldn't—for $10,000!

* * *

Hollywood is sympathizing with Kenny Baker over that auto smash-up which landed his pretty wife in the hospital for so long a time. When it happened, Mrs. Baker was driving to her new home, for which Kenny had paid $100,000. Believe it or not, a deer ran in front of her car—overturning it. She'll be in a hospital for a couple of months, but doctors predict that she'll be o. k.

* * *

The picture which was to deal with the life of Benny Goodman has been cancelled by Paramount Studios. I am informed that Paramount executives believe that the Jitterbug craze is on the way out—and might possibly be a thing of the past by the time the picture is released.

* * *

Shirley Ross used to get $750 for a radio appearance, until she married radio agent, Ken Dolan. Now, the asking price is $1,500.

* * *

Announcer Don Wilson refers to Jack Benny as "Half Buck Benny!"

* * *

Elliott Roosevelt's Texas State Network is rapidly becoming an important part of the Mutual network. Elliott, Wilett Brown and Lew Weiss, Mutual Don Lee execs, getting together in Hollywood, clearing the way for Elliott to do a Coast-to-Coast Sunday night confidential talk.

* * *

New radio contracts contain a "war clause," which means that in case of war, all big radio programs could be cancelled over-night.

* * *

ON THE HOLLYWOOD ROMANTIC AND DOMESTIC FRONT!

Jon Hall gave Frances Langford another wedding ring! She now wears two rings: one for her Hollywood ceremony, the other for her New York ceremony.

* * *

The rumor in Hollywood still persists that all is not well between Tony Martin and his beautiful wife, Alice Faye. Of course, this story is nothing new, but it was revived when Tony went on his personal appearance tour and Alice was seen at a few night-clubs with one escort or another—one of whom was John Conte, the network announcer.

* * *

Dorothy Lamour is wearing her wedding ring on her right hand. I wonder if that means something????

* * *

Connie Boswell's thought about fan pictures is worth talking about. If you want one of her, you must send her one of you. That's been Connie's rule for years, and consequently she has a collection of autographed pictures that is priceless.

* * *

Shirley Temple was supposed to start her own air program this month, but 20th Century-Fox declares Shirley is too busy for both pictures and radio.

* * *

Stu Erwin is being approached to head a domestic series for the networks.

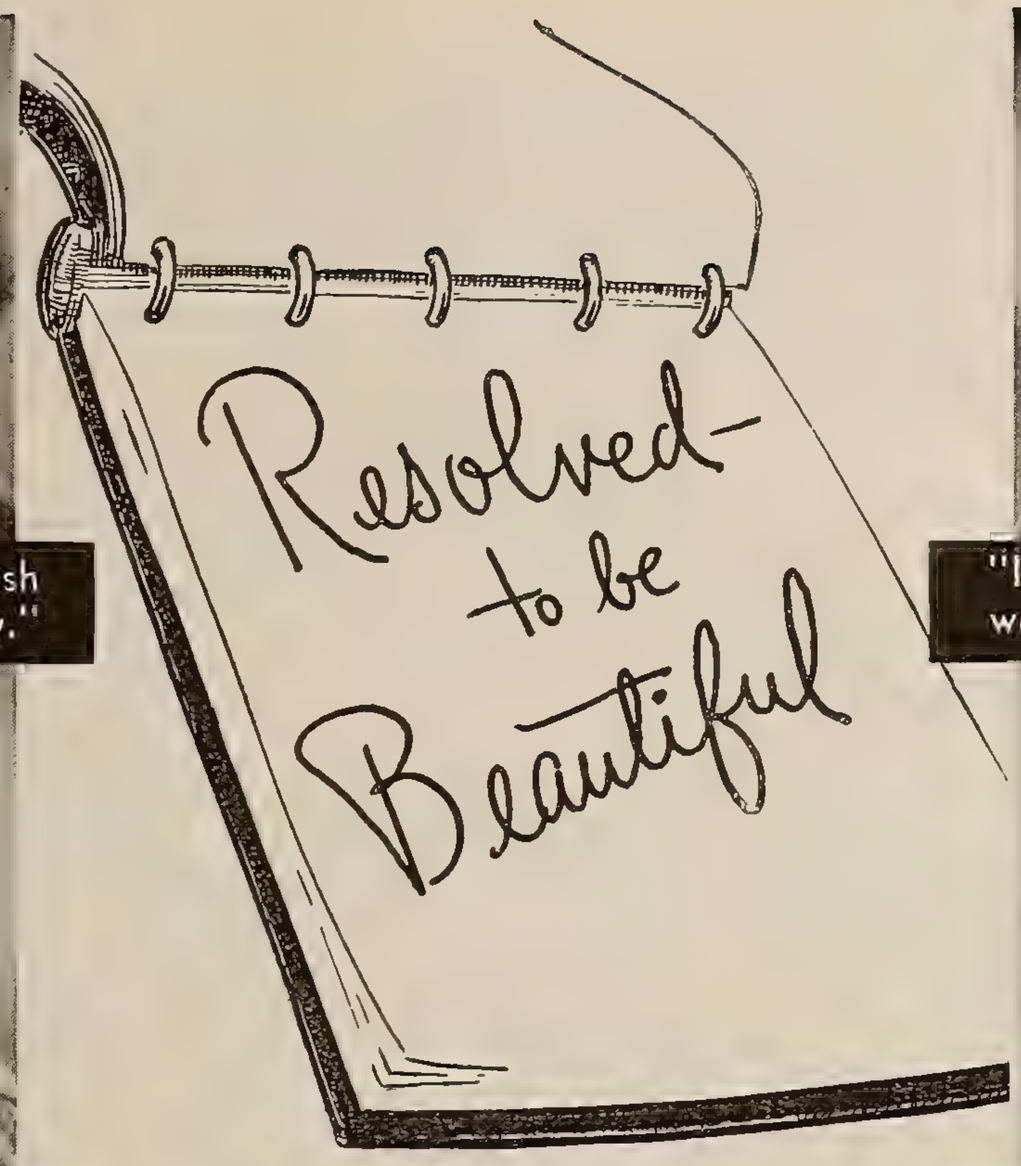
* * *

Edward G. Robinson has a strange habit. Before he starts work in a new picture or airshow, he sleeps with the script under his pillow. Says it helps him to learn his lines.

Jane Froman says, "I'll brush my hair ten minutes each day."

Betty Winkler will always try to achieve a flawless makeup.

"I'll concentrate on sleep and exercise," says Benay Venuta.



"I'll keep a weekly check on my weight," says Joan Tompkins.

Bea Wain is determined to stop experimenting with lipsticks

Nan Wynn will endeavor to improve her posture and diction.

By JOYCE ANDERSON

Follow in the footsteps of these six radio stars and you'll have a beautiful and Happy New Year

WHEN the New Year comes around, we greet it with new hopes, new ideals, new enthusiasms. We "turn over a new leaf" and make all sorts of resolutions.

One of the best New Year resolutions any woman can make is to redouble her beauty efforts . . . to determine to correct her defects and emphasize her good points . . . to establish new beauty habits and good ones. Romance, success and happiness are in store for the girl who has a fresh complexion, shining hair, well-kept hands, and a good figure.

With this in mind, we interviewed six glamour girls of radio and asked them what beauty resolutions they were making for the New Year. This is what they said:

First to declare herself was blonde, vivacious Benay Venuta who regards sleep as her most important new beauty habit. "I resolve to try to get at least eight hours sleep every night because sleep is the best cure-all in the world and is largely responsible for the amount of verve and pep I can put into a song. I also promise that I will stop taking cabs to and from my appointments—but will walk every distance under ten blocks. Fresh air and exercise do wonders for the complexion."

Betty Winkler was next on the list and she said firmly, "It's my resolution never to leave my apartment until I am sure that my makeup is flawless. How? I mean to buy a magnifying mirror as large as life, put it under the most powerful electric lights I can find. Furthermore, I promise that I'll never again be guilty of putting fresh make-up over old but will always cleanse my face thoroughly first." That's a fine resolution for any girl any time of the year.

Posture and diction are two problems that concern Nan Wynn. "I do firmly resolve that I shall attempt to improve my posture and stand with head high and shoulders back. When walking I shall try to remember to place my feet firmly on the ground with a free and easy stride—and not shuffle my shoes. I shall place particular emphasis on diction in singing, since listeners are as greatly interested in lyrics as they are in melody." How is *your* diction, girls?

"I am determined to stop experimenting with freak shades of lipstick and powder," says lovely Bea Wain, "and stick to the soft conservative shades which really suit me best. In addition, I am going to give myself a facial every week, using gobs of cream and resting for an hour while the cream remains on my face and neck. I also resolve to give my hair fifty strokes with the brush at least twice daily."

Joan Tompkins' first step toward beauty for the New Year is to install bathroom scales for a weekly check on her weight, believing that it is easier to lose that first surplus pound than to wait until she discovers an excess of five pounds. She has a slim figure and is determined to keep it.

Another radio singer who is going to devote more time to the care of her hair is pretty Jane Froman. She makes these resolutions for pulling up the slack in her daily beauty routine: To set aside ten minutes a day for hair brushing; to spend ten minutes each night applying wave lotion and pinning up curls and ringlets; and finally, to pluck her eyebrows every day, because only then do they look ribbon clean.

So, why not take a tip from the glamour girls of radio and make a few beauty resolutions yourself? Set your goal for a clear, smooth complexion, bright eyes, shining hair, and a slim trim figure—start now and a beautiful and Happy New Year to you!

The Candle in the Forest

(*Continued from page 6*)

He purred so long and so loud that at last the Small Girl grew drowsy.

"Tell me some more about the chocolate mouse," she said, and nodded, and slept.

The Small Girl's mother carried her into another room, put her to bed, and came back to the kitchen—and it was full of shadows.

But she did not let herself sit among them. She wrapped herself in a great cape and went out into the cold dusk, with a sweep of wind; heavy clouds overhead; and a band of dull orange showing back of the trees, where the sun had burned down.

SHE went straight from her little house to the big house of the Next-Door-Neighbor and rang the bell at the back entrance. A maid let her into the kitchen, and there was the Next-Door-Neighbor, and the two women who worked for her, and a Daughter-in-law who had come to spend Christmas. The great range was glowing, and things were simmering, and things were stewing, and things were steaming, and things were baking, and things were boiling, and things were broiling, and there was a fragrance of a thousand delicious dishes in the air.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said: "We are trying to get as much done as possible tonight. We are having twelve people for Christmas dinner tomorrow."

And the Daughter-in-law, who was all dressed up and had an apron tied about her, said in a sharp voice, "I can't see why you don't let your maids work for you."

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said: "I have always worked. There is no excuse for laziness."

And the Daughter-in-law said: "I'm not lazy, if that's what you mean. And we'll never have any dinner if I have to cook it," and away she went out of the kitchen with tears of rage in her eyes.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor said, "If she hadn't gone when she did, I should have told her to go," and there was rage in her eyes but no tears.

She took her hands out of the pan of breadcrumbs and sage, which she was mixing for the stuffing, and said to the Small Girl's mother: "Did you come to pay the rent?"

The Small Girl's mother handed her the money, and the Next-Door-Neighbor went upstairs to write a receipt. Nobody asked the Small Girl's mother to sit down, so she stood in the middle of the floor, and sniffed the entrancing fragrances, and looked at the mountain of food which would have served her small family for a month.

While she waited, the Boy-Next-Door came in and he said, "Are you the Small Girl's mother?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to have a tree?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to see mine?"

"It would be wonderful."

So he led her down a long passage to a great room, and there was a tree which touched the ceiling, and on the very top branches and on all the other branches were myriads of little lights which shone like stars, and there were gold balls and silver ones, and gold bells and silver ones, and red and blue and green bells—and under the tree and on it were toys for boys and toys for girls, and one of the toys was a doll in a pink dress!

At that the heart of the Small Girl's mother tightened, and she was glad she wasn't a thief or she would have snatched at the pink doll when the boy wasn't looking and hidden it under her cape and run away with it!

The Boy-Next-Door was saying: "It's the finest tree anybody has around here. But Dad and Mother don't know that I've seen it."

"Oh, don't they?" said the Small Girl's mother.

"No," said the Boy-Next-Door, with a wide grin, "and it's fun to fool 'em."

"Is it?" said the Small Girl's mother. "Now, do you know, I should think the very nicest thing in the whole wide world would be *not* to have seen the tree."

The Boy-Next-Door stared and said, "Why?"

"Because," said the Small Girl's mother, "the nicest thing in the world would be to have somebody tie a handkerchief around your eyes, as tight as tight, and then to have somebody take your hand and lead you in and out and in and out and in and out, until you didn't know where you were, and then to have them untie the handkerchief—and there would be the tree—all shining and splendid—"

She stopped, but her singing voice seemed to echo and re-echo in the great room.

The boy's staring eyes had a new look in them. "Did anybody ever tie a handkerchief over your eyes?"

"Oh, yes—"

"And lead you in and out, and in and out?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody does things like that in our house. They think it's silly."

THE Small Girl's mother laughed and her laugh tinkled like a bell. "Do you think it's silly?"

He was eager. "No, I don't."

She held out her hand to him. "Will you come and see our tree?"

"Tonight?"

"No, tomorrow morning—early."

"Before breakfast?"

She nodded.

"Gee, I'd like it."

So that was a bargain, with a quick squeeze of their hands on it. And the Small Girl's mother went back to the kitchen, and the Next-Door-Neighbor came down with the receipt, and the Small Girl's mother went out of the back door and found that orange band which had burned on the horizon was gone, and that there was just the wind and the sighing of the trees.

Two men passed her on the brick walk which led to the house, and one of the men was saying: "If you'd only be fair to me, father."

And the other man said, "All you want of me is money."

"You taught me that, father."

"Blame it on me—"

"You are to blame. You and mother—did you ever show me the finer things?"

Their angry voices seemed to beat against the noise of the wind and the sighing trees, so that the Small Girl's mother shivered and drew her cape around her, and ran on as fast as she could to her little house.

There were all the shadows to meet her, but she did not sit among them. She made coffee and a dish of milk toast, and set the toast in the oven to keep hot, and then she stood at the window watching. At last she saw through the darkness what looked like a star low down, and she knew that the star was a lantern, and she ran and opened the door wide.

And the young husband set the lantern down on the threshold, and took her in his arms, and said, "The sight of you is more than food and drink."

When he said that, she knew he had had a hard day, but her heart leaped, because she knew what he said of her was true.

THEN they went into the house together, and she set the food before him. And that he might forget his hard day, she told him of her own. And when she came to the part about the Next-Door-Neighbor and the rent, she said, "I am telling you this because it has a happy ending."

And he put his hands over hers and said, "Everything with you has a happy ending."

"Well, *this* is a happy ending," said the Small Girl's mother, with all the sapphire in her eyes emphasizing it. "Because when I went over to pay the rent I was feeling how poor we were, and wishing that I had a pink doll for baby, and books for you, and—and—and a magic carpet to carry us away from work and worry. And then I went into the kitchen of the big house, and there was everything delicious and delectable, and then I went into the parlor and saw the tree—with everything hanging on it that was glittering and gorgeous—and then I came home." Her breath was quick and her lips were smiling. "I came home—and I was glad I lived in my little house!"

"What made you glad, dearest?"

"Oh, love is here; and hate is there, and a boy's deceit, and a man's injustice. They were saying sharp things to each other—and—and—their dinner will be a—stalled ox. And in my little house is the faith of a child in the goodness of God and the bravery of a man who fought for his country—"

She was in his arms now.

"And the blessing of a woman who has never known defeat." His voice broke on the words.

In that moment it seemed as if the wind stopped blowing and as if the trees stopped sighing and as if there was the sound of a heavenly host singing—

The Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father sat up very late that night. They popped a great bowlful of crisp snowy corn and made it into balls. They boiled sugar and molasses and cracked nuts and made candy of them. They cut funny little Christmas fairies out of paper and painted their jackets bright red, with round silver buttons of the tinfoil that came on a cream cheese. And then they put the balls and the candy and the painted fairies and a long red candle in a big basket and set it

(*Continued on page 74*)

NEW WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART

By MRS. MARGARET SIMPSON

Tempting is the word for these Spicy Scalloped Tomatoes, says Irene Beasley.

WHEN we get down to the real truth, the reason why women cook is to please their men. You know this is so, and no doubt you take pride in the fact that in serving frequently the steak and French fried potatoes and apple pie which tradition tells us is every man's favorite menu, you are satisfying completely the men in your family. But isn't it a good plan to start this new year right by checking up on what other men like to eat and trying out these new recipes to tempt the appetites of the masculine members of your household?

Men aren't tongue-tied when it comes to expressing their preferences in food, neither are they helpless about preparing it, or originating new recipes. In fact some of the best and most enthusiastic cooks in the country are men, as was proved by two events which occurred recently in New York.

The first was a favorite recipes contest for men only, inaugurated by Irene Beasley on her Columbia network program, R. F. D. No. 1 heard daily at 2 p.m. "This contest," Miss Beasley told me, "grew out of our desire to find out how many men listeners we had, for you know our program aims to report New York to the farm wife and at the same time to supply her with workable household ideas, especially on cooking. We got ten times the number of replies we expected, in fact the response compared amazingly well with that to contests in which women had participated."

The second event was the organization of the Society of Amateur Chefs, whose roster boasts such names as Rudy Vallee, Jack Dempsey, writers Rex Stout and Morton Gill Clark, and actors Alexander Kirkland and Walter Slezak—good trencherman all and excellent cooks. Since the society is still in its infancy no list of dishes preferred by its membership is as yet available, but Miss Beasley's contest indicated that the American male will eat anything as long as it is made of cheese, as the following entries, taken from her contest files, prove.

Rice Molds with Cheese and Olive Sauce

1 cup rice
2 qts. boiling water
1 tbl. salt
4 tbls. butter
4 tbls. flour
1 cup evaporated milk
1 cup water
½ cup grated American cheese
½ cup sliced stuffed olives
Salt
Paprika

Wash rice and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, press into buttered individual molds, place in pan of hot water and cook for ten minutes. Melt butter and add flour, blending well. Combine evaporated milk and water and add gradually, then cook until thickened. Add cheese, stirring until cheese is melted. Add olives, and salt and paprika to taste. Unmold rice on large platter and pour cheese and olive sauce over molds.

Baked Eggs in Ramekins

½ package egg noodles, fine or wide
1 tbl. flour
4 tbls. butter
½ cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
Pinch pepper
1 cup grated American cheese
6 eggs
Paprika

Cook noodles as directed and drain well. Line buttered ramekins with noodles. Melt half the butter and blend with it the salt, pepper and flour. Combine evaporated milk and water, add it gradually to flour and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in half the grated cheese. Pour the sauce over the noodles in the ramekins, then break an egg into each one. Dot eggs with remaining butter, sprinkle with remaining cheese and a dash of paprika. Place ramekins in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) until eggs are set (15 to 20 minutes).

Cheese Souffle

3 tbls. quick cooking tapioca
¾ cup grated cheese
½ tsp. dry mustard
½ cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
3 eggs
1 tsp. salt

Combine evaporated milk and water and scald in top of double boiler. Add tapioca and cook for ten minutes. Add cheese and salt and stir until blended. Separate eggs and stir the yolks, together with the mustard, into the cooked mixture. Fold in egg whites, which have been stiffly beaten, and pour into buttered muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for twenty minutes.

Apple and Roquefort Cheese Salad

1 cup sugar
2 cups water
Vegetable coloring
6 apples
Roquefort cream cheese
Mayonnaise

Cook together the water and the sugar to make a syrup, adding sufficient vegetable coloring to tint the syrup a bright deep pink. Pare and core the apples and cook them in the syrup until they are tender. Remove from fire and allow the apples to chill in the syrup. When thoroughly chilled, fill apple cavities with roquefort cream cheese. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves. Garnish with mayonnaise.

Spicy Scalloped Tomatoes

1 medium size can tomatoes
1 cup coarse cracker crumbs
1 onion, sliced fine
1 bay leaf
1 tsp. chili powder
¼ tsp. salt
Pepper to taste
1 cup grated American cheese

Combine tomatoes, onion, cracker crumbs and seasonings and turn into buttered casserole. Cover with grated cheese and bake in moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for forty-five minutes.

away. And the Small Girl's mother brought out the chocolate mouse.

"We will put this on the clock," she said, "where her eyes will rest on it the first thing in the morning."

So they put it there and it seemed as natural as life, so that Pussy Purr-up positively licked his chops.

And the Small Girl's mother said, "She was lovely about giving up the doll, and she will love the tree."

"We'll have to get up very early," said the Small Girl's father.

"And you'll have to run ahead and light the candle."

Well, they got up before the dawn the next morning, and so did the Boy-Next-Door. He was there on the step, waiting, blowing his hands and beating them quite like the poor little boys in a Christmas story who haven't any mittens.

BUT he wasn't a poor little boy, and he had so many pairs of fur-trimmed gloves that he didn't know what to do with them, but he had left the house in such a hurry that he had forgotten to put them on.

So there he stood on the front step of the little house, blowing on his hands and beating them. And it was dark, with a sort of pale shine in the heavens, which didn't seem to come from the stars or to herald the dawn; it was just a mystical silver glow that set the boy's heart to beating.

He had never been out alone like this. He had always stayed in his warm bed until somebody called him, and then he had waited until they called again, and then he had dressed and gone down to breakfast, where his father scolded because he was late, and his mother scolded because he ate too fast.

Then suddenly some one came around the corner—some one tall and thin, with a cap on his head and an empty basket in his hands.

"Hello," he said, "A Merry Christmas."

It was the Small Girl's father, and he put the key in the lock, and went in, and turned on a light, and there was the table set for four.

And the Small Girl's father said: "You see we have set a place for you. We must eat something before we go out."

And the Boy said: "Are we going out? I came to see the tree."

"We are going out to see the tree."

Before the Boy-Next-Door could ask any questions, the Small Girl's mother appeared with her finger on her lips and said: "Sh-sh," and then she began to recite in a hushed voice, "Hickory-Dickory-Dock—"

Then there was a little cry and the sound of dancing feet and the Small Girl in a red dressing-gown came flying in.

"Oh, mother, the mouse is *on* the clock. The mouse is *on* the clock."

Well, it seemed to the Boy-Next-Door that he had never seen anything so exciting as the things that followed. The chocolate mouse went *up* the clock and *under* the chair—and would have had its tail cut *off* except that the Small Girl begged to save it.

"I want to keep it as it is, mother."

And playing this game as if it were the most important thing in the whole wide world were the Small Girl's mother and the Small Girl's father, all laughing and flushed, and chanting quaint old words to the quaint old music.

(*Continued from page 72*)

The Boy-Next-Door held his breath for fear he would wake up from this entrancing dream and find himself in his own big house, alone in his puffy bed, or eating breakfast with his stodgy parents who never had played with him in his life. He found himself laughing too, and flushed and happy, and trying to sing in his funny boy's voice, "Heigh-o, says Anthony Rowley!"

The Small Girl absolutely refused to eat the mouse. "He's my darling Christmas mouse, Mother."

So her mother said, "Well, I'll put him on the clock again, where Pussy Purr-up can't get him while we are out."

"Oh, are we going out?" said the Small Girl, round-eyed.

"Yes."

"Where are we going?"

'To find Christmas."

That was all the Small Girl's mother would tell. So they had breakfast, and everything tasted perfectly delicious to the Boy-Next-Door.

For breakfast they each had a great baked apple, and great slices of sweet bread and butter, and great glasses of milk, and as soon as they had finished, away they went, out of the door and down into the wood back of the house, and when they were deep in the wood, the Small Girl's father took out of his pocket a little flute and began to play, and he played thin piping tunes that went flittering around among the trees, and the Small Girl hummed the tunes, and her mother hummed the tunes until it sounded like singing bees, and their feet fairly danced, and the boy found himself humming and dancing with them.

THEN suddenly the piping ceased, and a hush fell over the wood. It was so still that they could almost hear each other breathe—so still that when a light flamed suddenly in that open space it burned without a flicker.

The light came from a red candle that was set in the top of a small living tree. It was the only light on the tree, but it showed snowy balls, and the small red fairies whose coats had silver buttons.

"It's our tree, my darling," he heard the Small Girl's mother saying.

Suddenly it seemed to the boy that his heart would burst in his breast. He wanted some one to speak to him like that. The Small Girl sat high on her father's shoulder, and her father held her mother's hand. It was like a chain of gold, their holding hands like that and loving each other—

The boy reached out and touched the woman's hand. She looked down at him and drew him close. He felt warmed and comforted. The red candle burning there in the darkness was like some sacred fire of friendship. He wished that it would never go out, that he might stand there watching it, with his small cold hand in the clasp of the Small Girl's mother.

It was late when the Boy-Next-Door got back to his own house. But he had not been missed. Everybody was up, and everybody was angry. The Daughter-in-law had declared the night before that she would not stay another day beneath that roof, and off she had gone with her young husband, and her little girl, who was to have had the pink doll on the tree.

"And good riddance," said the Next-Door-Neighbor.

But she ate no breakfast, and she went out to the kitchen and worked with her maids to get the dinner ready, and there were covers laid for nine instead of twelve.

And the Next-Door-Neighbor kept saying, "Good riddance—good riddance," and not once did she say, "A Merry Christmas."

BUT the Boy-Next-Door held something in his heart that was warm and glowing like the candle in the forest, and so he came to his mother and said, "May I have the pink doll?"

She spoke frowningly, "What does a boy want with a doll?"

"I'd like to give it to the little girl next door."

"Do you think I buy dolls to give away in charity?"

"Well, they gave me a Christmas present."

"What did they give you?"

He opened his hand and showed a little flute tied with a gay red ribbon. He lifted it to his lips and blew on it, a thin piping tune—

"Oh, that," said the mother scornfully. "Why, that's nothing but a reed from the pond!"

But the boy knew that it was more than that. It was a magic pipe that made you dance, and made your heart warm and happy.

So he said again, "I'd like to give her the doll," and he reached out his little hand and touched his mother's—and his eyes were wistful.

His mother's own eyes softened—she had lost one son that day—and she said, "Oh, well, do as you please," and went back to the kitchen.

The Boy-Next-Door ran into the great room and took the doll from the tree, and wrapped her in paper, and flew out of the door and down the brick walk to the little house.

When the door was opened, he saw that his friends were just sitting down to dinner—and there was the beefsteak pie all brown and piping hot, with a wreath of holly, and the Small Girl was saying, "And the onions were silver—"

The Boy-Next-Door went up to the Small Girl and said, "I've brought you a present."

With his eyes all lighted up, he took off the paper in which it was wrapped, and there was the doll, in rosy frills, with eyes that opened and shut, and shoes and stockings and beautiful curly hair.

And the Small Girl, in a whirlwind of happiness, said, "Is it really *my* doll?"

And the Boy-Next-Door felt very shy and happy, and he said, "Yes."

And the Small Girl's mother said, "It was a beautiful thing to do."

Again that bursting feeling came into the boy's heart, and he lifted his face to hers and said, "May I come sometimes and be your boy?"

And she said, "Yes."

And when at last he went away, she stood in the door and watched him, such a little lad, who knew so little of loving. And because she knew so much of love, her eyes filled to overflowing.

But presently she wiped the tears away and went back to the table. And she smiled at the Small Girl and at the Small Girl's father.

"And the potatoes were ivory," she said. "Oh, who would ask for turkey, when they can have a pie like this?"

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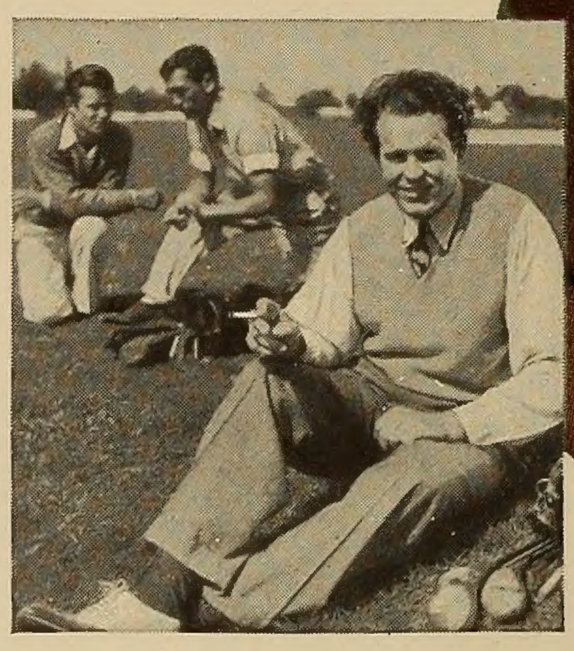

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